Issue 15 $1.50

ink Disease

FUGAZI
SCRATCH ACID
OPTION MAGAZINE
STIFF LITTLE FINGERS
DEATH RIDE 69
BAD RELIGION
BEATNIGS

Fall 89

BACK ISSUES:

BOYCOTT STABB AND GET YOUR INK DISEASE BACK ISSUES

Photo by Brian Trudell

- #1-4: SOLD OUT.
- #5: (Roman / Egyptian art cover) Featuring interviews with Husker Du, D.O.A., Rhino 39, The Atoms, The Patriots, and Abash.
- #6: Dickies interview and cover, also S.S. Decontrol, Nip Drivers, D.R.I., Agent Orange, Detox, Robin Ryan, Stalag 13 and Madmen interviews.
- #7: Necros interview and cover, with Redd Kross, C.O.C., Marginal Man, Saccharine Trust, A.O.D., F.U.'s, J.F.A., N.O.T.A., Accused and Truce interviews.
- #8: SOLD OUT.
- #9: (D.O.A. cover) Featuring interviews with Metallica, Pop-O-Pies, Circle Jerks, Raw Power, Mad Parade, Asbestos Rockpyle, Down Syndrome and Musical Suicide.
- #10: SOLD OUT.
- #11: Weirdos interview and cover, also Ian MacKaye and FlipSide interviews.
- #12: Featuring Firehose, Sonic Youth, SST, Gang Green, and the Wrestling Worms.
- #13 : Big Black interview and cover, with the Replacements, Angst, To Damascus, Honor Role, and the De Falla Trio.
- #14: The Angry Samoans interview and cover, with the Beatnigs, shooting the shit with Dickie guitarist Stan Lee, plus Naked Raygun, No Means No, Savage Republic and the Screaming Trees.

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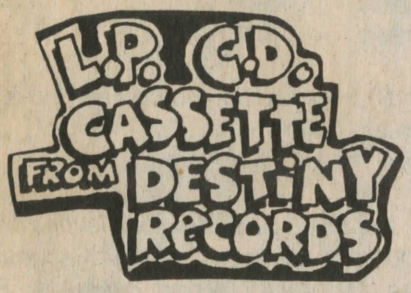

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INFO

Issue #15 * Fall * 89

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ON THE COVER:
When it comes time to deciding what to put on the cover, the collective staff adjourns to the Ink Disease think tank; gets real cozy-like on some nice bean-bag chairs, throw-pillows and plush, deep-pile carpeting for a hot and heavy session of corporate decision making. After hours of heated debate, Naked Raygun was chosen. We opted for Naked Raygun, not because they were the only band that we had a decent photo of, or they were interviewed last issue, but because they have been consistently among our favorite groups of the past decade.

Contents

5.....Gossip Column of last minute info and other crap.
7.....Ethan Port "talks" about music and the underground.
*8.....**Fugazi** interview: A brief chat with D.C.'s finest.*
*12.....**Death Ride '69** interview: the ever evolving tribal industrial dayglow group tells all.*
*19.....**Option** interview: A talk on music and magazine making with the Scott Becker, the man behind the most professional and diverse altervative magazine in the country.*
*24.....**Bad Religion** interview: Still punk rockers..*
*31.....**Beat Nigs**. The second half of Antonio's up close and personal interview with Industial funk punk kings the Beat Nigs....*
*38.....**Stiff Little Fingers**: The band that put Ireland on the map.*
46.....Record reviews.
61.....Video: a review of the ultimate Rock band--Nitro.
62.....Book reviews.
63.....CD reviews.
65.....Baboon Dooley: comic.
66.....7" reviews.
68.....Tape reviews.
*70.....**Scratch Acid**.*
72.....Live Reviews.

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INK DISEASE
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Gossip Column Crap

What's happening? Well, down Chicago way that awesome group of lads, **Naked Raygun**, *have lost guitarist John Haggerty. His retirement for unknown reasons (to us) is a mighty blow, but we hope the band will survive without his thunderous precision tooling. In L.A., those much talked about* FlipSide *recording artists,* **Bulimia Banquet**, *have been in the studio. Their new guitarist Mia adds power and cohesiveness. Another great L.A. band,* **Blackbird**, *have released their second vinyl offering which seems to be a fave among the hippest of the hip. Again on the national scene Jack Rabid, a big Kinman brothers fan, is as usual writing up a storm, not only for his own great magazine* The Big Takeover *($2.50 from Jack Rabid / 249 Eldridge St. #14 / New York, NY 10002), but with columns in a variety of publications such as the* Alternative Press. *Peter Davis has unleashed his most recent issue of* Your Flesh *($3.50 from Your Flesh / P.O. Box 2683 / Loop Station / Mpls. MN. 55402). This one is a great effort and reminds me of a cross between* Forced Exposure *and* Flesh and Bones. *The 88 pages feature the likes of Tesco Vee (Hey, Vee man--what's it with the big booboo on your Julian Lennon review. Arnold Z. sucks bigtime, but his mom is not Yoko.) The rest of the Vee's verbiage shines and there's plenty more great reviews, photos and interviews to make* Your Flesh *well worth a trip to the local record store. And we can't forget our amazing friends at* FlipSide *($2.00 from FlipSide / P.O. Box 363 / Whittier, CA 90608). Al and Co. are steam rolling: coming out often and big and with a full color cover (this issue features Al's favorite glam punks* **Celebrity Skin** *in poster action--just fold out the sleeve and see their mugs gloriously stretch from back to front. Don Bolles hasn't had this much fun since he was on the cover of the* **Vox Pop** *record).* FlipSide *are still the ones to beat. Hey--old news--I forgot to mention that Al and Hud broke up. Of course Al's still plugging away on FlipSide. Hud is now living on the East Coast. Even older news--Mike Watt and Kira have been married for quite some time. For a guide to further Fanzine action check out the listings of* Factsheet Five *($2.00 from Mike Gunderloy / 6 Arizona Ave. / Rensselaer, NY 12144-4502). We'd all like to wish Gary Indiana a speedy recovery from his 2 mph motorcycle crash. A very seriously broken arm is now on the mend. You can write to him care of FlipSide.*

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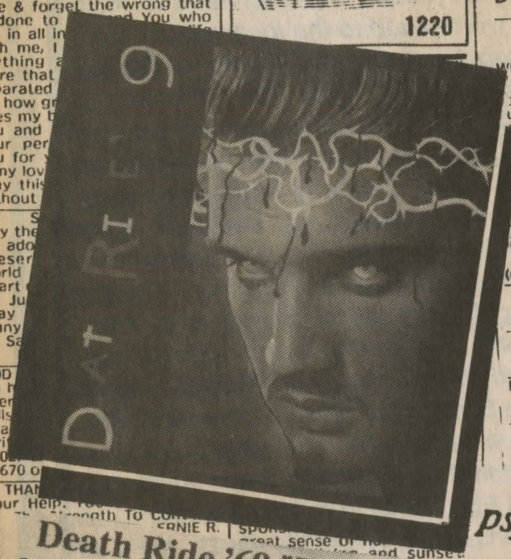
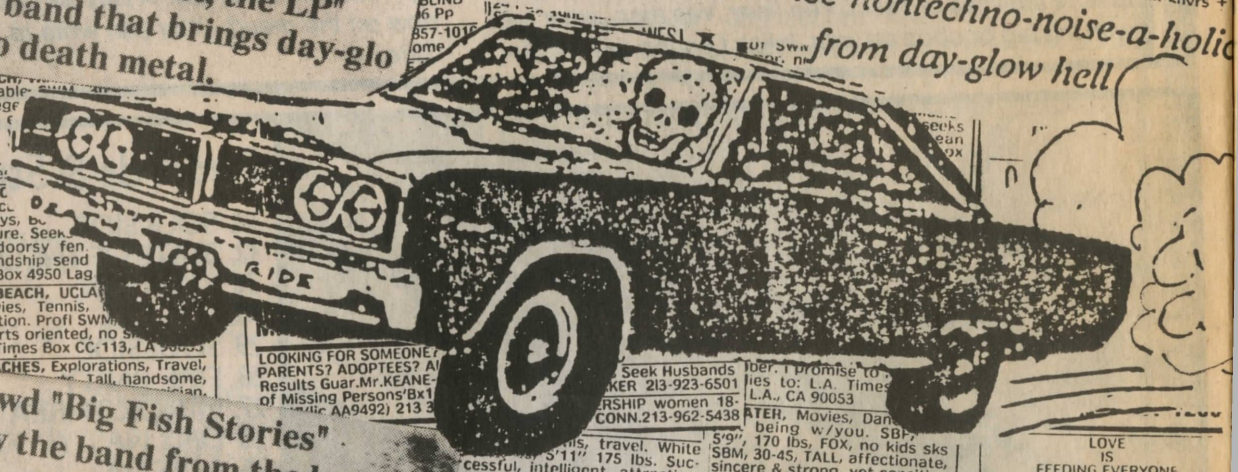


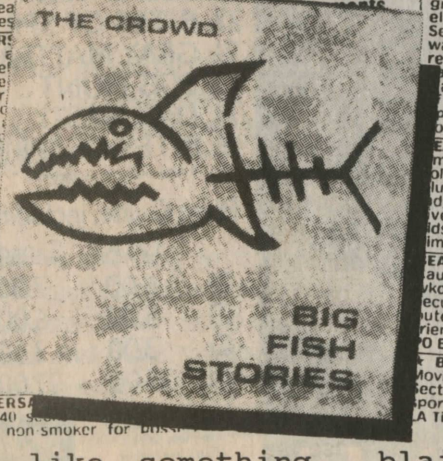
Death Ride '69 "Elvis Christ, the LP"
Debut LP from the band that brings day-glo to psycho death metal.

psychedelic-industrial-tribal-acid-dance-rontechno-noise-a-holic



from day-glow hell

The Crowd "Big Fish Stories"
12 new songs by the band from the beach...



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shit

Announcements 1250

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RapLine

Announcements
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You who made me see everything and showed me the way to reach my ideals. You who gave me the Divine gift to forgive & forget the wrong that is done to ... You who are in all in... with me, I ... erything a... more that ... separated ... ter how gr... sires my t... You and ... your per... you for ... & my lov... pray this ... without ...
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...all wht dog Lag Rd/Terraza Fullerton 8/3 714/739-2048
...ssing ...KING ...ENTS: ...ults G...

ETHAN ON THE SCENE

ID: What is the L.A. perspective?

Ethan: Over the last couple of years it's been that there's nowhere to play. If you're a heavy metal band then yes, otherwise forget it. So it's basically completely independent again, like it used to be. Yeah, Guns n' Roses, the worst thing that ever happend to the L.A. music scene.

ID: Do you think that it's good that there's no scene?

Ethan: No, but I think it's getting better with bands like **Blackbird**, and **Distorted Pony**... There's a couple good bands playing around like **Bulima Banquet**. Jula's the Madonna of the 90's. The punk rock Madonna. Chicago bands have trouble getting stuff out. New York labels won't even talk to us. It's the opposite of what it used to be with New York bands trying to get on L.A. Labels. I think that most of the medium sized independent distributors are just not there any more. I think that's what hurt the scene the most--more than like heavy metal being popular-- there's just no outlet for the movement. Rock music has always been popular. The alternative scene flurished for while, because it was really easy to put those records out. For a couple thousand dollars you could get your record out all across the United States and Europe. It's not so easy anymore. Not to mention the fact that a lot of record stores don't even sell records anymore. But, I predict a revolution in the next couple of years. CD prices are coming down. 75 minutes on a CD is cheaper than recording a record. Most independent bands have a big backlog of songs to release. As soon as digital audio tape comes in that is just going to revolutionizes everything. It eliminates the need for any sort of record company. You can make the final product in your living room and market yourself if you need to. ...Much more cottage industry type labels and distributors. As soon as the needs there I think there will be more independent type distributors. The way you can get books from independent presses. Probably independent music well make the same kind of turn. Which I think is going to be a real revolution, because people can make quality recordings. There will be lots of junk that you won't want to listen to and at the same time there are going to be a lot of people who are really creative who don't want to spend there whole life in a rock and roll band. If people had any brains at all they'd set up networks where you could put out minor releases and get into the major cities to sell a couple of thousand copies. Then if it picks up there could be these medium sized distributors whose job it was to pick things that were all of a sudden selling and repress them right away. You could repress a record and turn it around in a couple of weeks to fill the demand. The problem is that there are all these little distributors and they all went bankrupt over a couple year period and that just creates complete economic chaos for everbody. The bands inparticular are always getting screwed. The band puts up all thier own money, and are three thousand dollars in debt. They're just waiting to get that three thousand dollars so they can go record the next record and it never comes. Sub Pop in Seattle sells directly to stores. They don't take 60 day credits or whatever. They're not trying to take over the whole music market. They have their little section

ID: They seem to have good distribution though.

Ethan: Yeah, exactly because they get picked up by other people. They set up there distribution as they need. If one of their bands becomes popular they'll sign a distribution deal. Actually they don't have that good distribution. It's really hard to get Sub-Pop Stuff in a lot of parts of the country. Basically what I've heard is like 70% of their business is just direct to stores. They pay for it and Sub-Pop ships it out. There's not this debt thing. Jem can go under and owe all these people $200,000, but where did all that money go. If all these little record labels are sending their product out and it wasn't sold then how come those little labels didn't get their product back. How come these distributors go belly up they take everyone with them. What they do is sell off all the records they have in stock to pay off the debts that they've accumulated, instead of going bankrupt. If they are taking that stuff on credit it's not really theirs. It's credit they don't own it. They're basically stealing from these record companies. It's like this real weird loophole in the law. If they paid for it and then they went under then they went bankrupt owing bills... I think basically what they try to do is pay people off with stock that's not even theirs, because they know that these small little record companies won't sue them. Basically it's completely criminal. It's more criminal than big record companies ripping off bands. Big record companies aren't going anywhere. You can sue a big record company. It might be hard, but when some little distributor goes belly up and then they're gone then what do you sue. I think the scene basically hurts itself more than outside influences destroying it. It's true that a lot of the big labels have real shrewedly bought up the biggest bands out of the underground music scene and then let everyone else strangle. A lot of bands not only can't get signed but they can't even get their records out so they just break up and disappear. You sign up **Butthole Surfers**, **Sonic Youth**, **Jane's Addiction**, and a couple other big bands in order to silence all the other competition. Then even those few big guns that they put out--there are ways of screwing things around and messing things up to kind of quiet them down. The typical manuever is to say, "Here we want to give you a contract." The bands' so excited they sign for nothing. The record never comes out or if it comes out it sells poorly and just disappers, and the band just figures we're no good and break up. The band has no way of knowing how good they are, because they haven't gone through the kind of channels that suit them. Having CBS market **Sonic Youth** is kind of ridiculous. They don't know what to do with a band like that. There's plenty of record stores that cater to that kind of audience and distrbutors. People could get the records and there would be an exchange of ideas and the culture could grow. But instead people just get these dellusions of being the next Rolling Stones, and they just like shoot themselves in the foot. Anyways...

Most bands claim they are committed to their ideals. Yet few, if any, deliver the goods. We all remember the Clash promise of investing in alternative youth centers. We remember Johnny Rotten telling us how he was going to go down to Harlem and mingle with the real working class and oppressed. We remember Henry Rollins saying similar things about South Central L.A.. We remember Billy Idol, and on and on... Most bands spend their time creating some image to impress us. And most bands sell away their soul the first chance they get. Yet most bands aren't Fugazi.

Fugazi believe music can be a force. They've always stuck by their guns, keeping door prices low, only playing all ages shows, living alternative life styles, speaking their minds and working to create a new underground. Fugazi recognize the power and feeling of the early punk and hardcore movement, yet they avoid the pitfalls. They don't want to end up as just another band in a staid cliched scene that has become more ritualistic than innovative. Fugazi are a truly positive force--not a happy face attitude--their actions and output speak louder than the hype that accompanies so many bands these days, and they make original music with feeling and commitment to boot.

This interview was connducted during Fugazi's first West Coast tour. We thank Al Flipide for asking the questions.

Guy Picciotto (Guitar and Vocals)
Ian MacKaye (Guitar and Vocals)
Brendan Canty (Drums)
Joe Lally (Bass)

Photo by Kirk Fugazi at Zed Records

ID: How did you do that?
Guy: Knock(ed) on the door.
Ian: It was a demonstration in concern for teenage pregnacies.
Guy: To have a show in Laffayette park you have to pretend it's a rally.
Ian: You can't have celebrations, you can only have

F U

demonstrations.
Guy: Which is a weird policy. You can't celebrate the flag only demonstrate it. It's a healthy concept for the country.
Brendan: Claudia from D.C. Space has worked on a lot of demonstrations there.
Guy: So, the park police were there filming everybody. And the White House had a big tarp in front of it.
ID: Really?
Brendan: They were repainting it.
Guy: They were installing missiles. (laughter)
ID: Weren't there some other unoffical members in **Fugazi**.
Brendan: Colin Sears on drums.
Ian: You mean the people who perform at shows. We've had a person play trumpet. That's Molly. She'll probably play again.
Joe: Amy sang a song.
Ian: This guy named Ian played keyboards once. We have a guy named Charlie that's at a lot of our shows. He does a Go Go dance of sorts--an interpretive dance.
Guy: It's real loose.
Ian: He's wonderful. I'd like to include more of that as we progress. Having people become comfortable enough with us to come up and say, "I have an idea? I want to play the flute" on something or...
Guy: Perhaps not the flute, which is one of my least favorite instruments. "I play punk flute." (laughter)
Ian: We are hopefully going to do a sound track for a friend of ours. We are definately into playing weird

Photo by Kirk

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things. Hopefully we'll continue to challenge ourselves and the audience. It's better than playing the same set formats, stage, lights--blinky, blink, blink.

ID: No blinking lights (allowed)?

Ian: Unless the person behind the light board has a real concept for the music, then maybe. If it's just going to be blinking that detracts (from the music).

ID: Are there any concepts you want to try as far as playing alternative places?

Ian: I kind of enjoy it when people approach us with those things. I love to play outdoors. The cigarette problem is just fucking ridiculous in some of those places. It's one of the curses of rock n' roll.

Guy: I'd like to find different audiences, like prisons or different countries. People who are not normally exposed to music like this. I don't know, maybe we'd get knifed and slashed, but I think that would be a good thing to do.

Ian: I'd definately love doing that. **Minor Threat** almost played Leavenworth. The show was cancelled, because the week before the **Dream Syndicate** played and the warden said it was far to hectic. Besides I heard that the whole time they played the audience just yelled for **Rolling Stones** covers. But I still totally agree with Guy. I'd love to play high schools. I think that would be wonderful to play assemblies and shit. The problem is that most schools are not into inviting bands that are insightful. I'd also love to play big fucking demonstrations.

One thing I'd like to say is that our easy going feelings about money certainly lends itself to our ambitions.

Guy: There's definately limits on your lifestyle. You don't need that much money to live on tour. I certainly would be more happy to just do music and not have to work a filing job. □

Photo by Kirk of Fugazi in Pomona

AND THE SAME

AT THE RISK OF BEING TOO POLITICALLY CORRECT
THIS COMES TO YOU SPIRITUALLY DIRECT
AN ATTEMPT TO THOUGHTFULLY AFFECT
YOUR WAY OF THINKING

THAT IS IF YOU BELIEVE IN RACE
AND THAT YOU WERE BORN IN THE RIGHT TIME AND PLACE
THIS IS A THOUGHT ABOUT FACE
YOUR WAY OF THINKING

AND THE SAME COULD BE SAID
FOR ALL THE PEOPLE WHO ARE LYING DEAD
TO DIE WAS ONLY DISTRACTION
WHAT THEY FOUND OUT A BIT TOO LATE
GOT TWISTED UP IN ALL THAT HATE
AND NOW IT PLAYS THE PART OF REACTION

IF YOU HAVE TO CARRY A GUN
TO KEEP YOUR SEAT AT NUMBER ONE
THIS IS A BULLET YOU CAN'T OUTRUN
YOUR WAY OF THINKING

JUST WAIT AND SEE, IT'S COMING ROUND
CONSCRIPTED FROM THE LOST AND FOUND
AND STILL WE FIND SO TIGHTLY WOUND
YOUR WAY OF THINKING

FINALLY,
THE LONG - AWAITED
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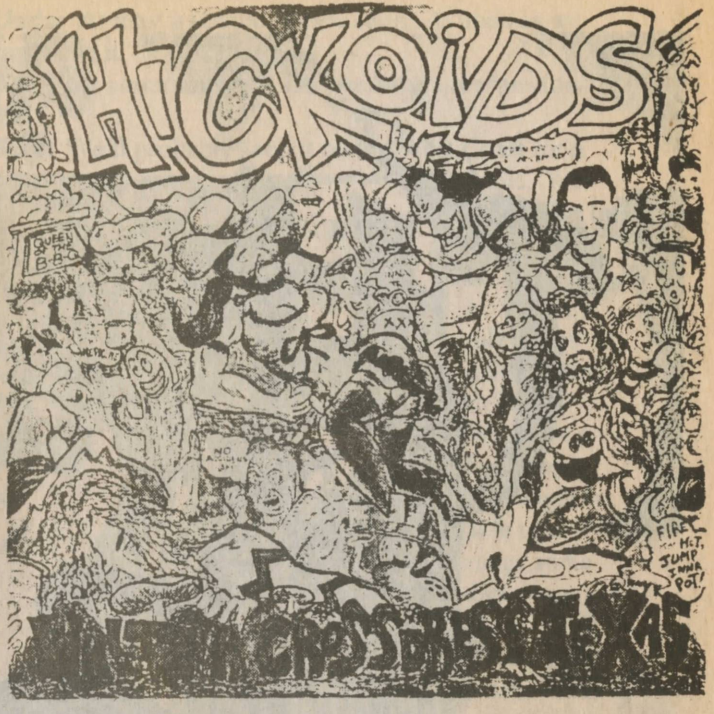

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Press Photo

Death Ride '69
Death Ride '69

What is left when there's no moral decency left in America? Are we on the final ride? Will Elvis become the next Christ? Can it be the case that in the bowels of L.A. dwells a dark monster that is ready to force dayglow dance hell on us all? Indications would say it is all so. Riots in Laguna Beach, madness in South Central and chaos in Hollywood are part of the mass hysteria being caused by this mysterious group. So, while we can still burn the flag, behave like fools, roam the alleys at midnight, and slink into blacklite caves in the deepest recesses of L.A., Death Ride is there to provide the tribal, industrial, psychedelic groove.

Present for the **Death Ride '69** were:
Linda LeSabre (Drums and Vocals)
Buck Y Bono (Bass)
Ethan Port (Guitars, vocals and percussion)

ID: What has changed within the last year?

Linda: (laughing) The bass player and the guitar player. But, you know, there's still a certain Death Ride sound. The people in the band make that kind of sound.

ID: Are you happy with this line up?

Linda: Yeah, it's a lot more energetic than our previous line up. That line-up was a little more laid back and this one is more in your face.

Buck: We use more effects now. Don was into a dry bass sound, which was really cool. But I use more effects, and there's a little more texture.

Linda: It's more 3-D... We used to just stand there. Rex and Don would concentrate on singing and playing at the same time. It was not as emotional. Now it's more all over the stage, stuff falling apart, people climbing all over the place and knocking things over.

Linda LeSabre - drums, vocals

ID: Do you have plans to record this new sound. I know Flipside is going to re-release the former line-up's material.

Linda: ...Which needs to be released, but we're dying to record some new stuff. We have some live recordings that aren't bad, but you don't really get a chance to do much mixing on them.

Buck: We'll probably go and re-record everything, plus the new songs.

Linda: At least a couple of new ones. As soon as we can swing it.

ID: What about touring? Do you have any plans for that?

Buck: We'll probably keep it on the West Coast for a while. We want to go to San Fancisco, definately. There's talk about going down to Texas. We know a few people that might be able to arrange some gigs down there.

Linda: Yeah, Texas and Chicago. We're kind of interested in going there.

ID: A vacation as well?

Buck: Yeah, right.

Linda: An industrial vacation. It's really hard to get somebody to book a tour right now. Little Sister records is just us and a friend of ours. Flipside has enough problems doing the magazine and putting out the record. It's just like here's some people you can call. It's not like we're on SST and you can go to your regular guy. It's really hard to find anybody who can book us who has any skill or name at all. We've been trying for two months now. We have a van. We have the time to do it.

ID: You seem to have been playing a lot of shows in L.A. lately.

Linda: We're dying to get out of town and hit the road, but we don't want to hit the road and have shows falling

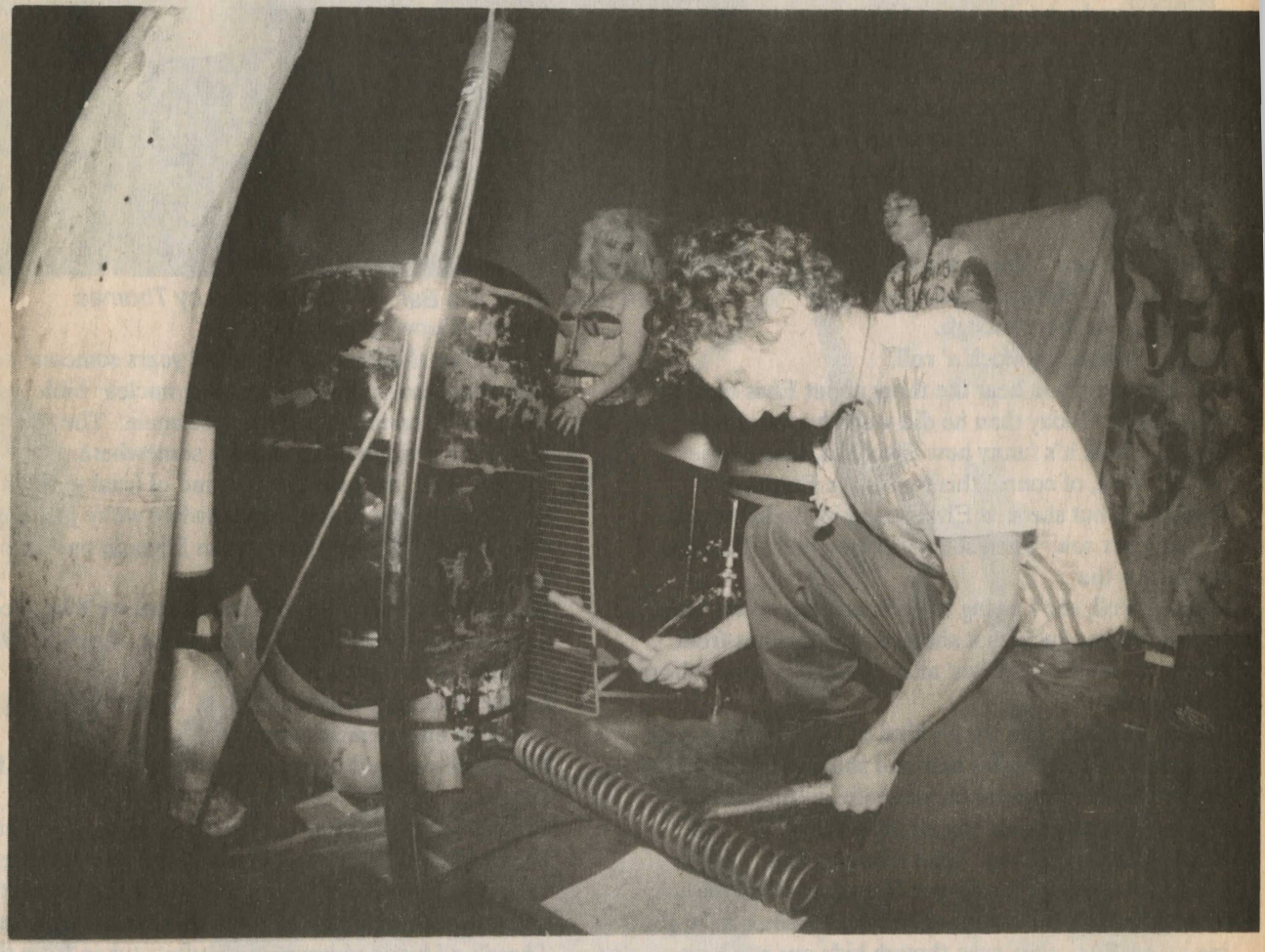
through right and left. It's a bad way to do it.
Buck: And nobody wants to sign a contract these days.
Linda: Even if they do and you're not aligned with a regular tour booking guy they're just like so what if we don't pay you. What are you going to do--hang around six months and take them to small claims court.
Buck: So, if we do tour it's going to have to be really arranged. I guess that's why it has taken a long time to get going. We want to get everything really set up.
Linda: So, we want to encourage anyone with any contacts please get in touch with us.
ID: So, what other kinds of things have happened on stage?
Linda: We've been at the bottom of some body piles of people we don't even know.
Buck: This chick was up here in a heroin daze, grabing pieces of metal and banging on the percussive equipment, we didn't even know who she was.
Linda: And on the very last song, or at least it made it the last song, she just collapsed in the middle of my drum set and my drums went spewing everywhere.
Buck: She knocked everything down. I think they liked it. No one was pulling her off stage. It was like "Yeah!" Cheering her on.
Linda: We're like, "Hey, get out of here." It was really funny. We've had dancers and they're always getting injured. They are just friends of ours that get on stage, not planed dancers.
Buck: It's not so much that we are into the performace side of it. We like having the dancers...
Linda: But none of it is planned. So, we don't know what the hell is going to go on. Sometimes the dancers are fighting, "No I'm going to be a dancer. Get the fuck off the stage."
Buck: Things get broken and people get bloody. Ethan's always bitching about it too. His effects always get stepped on.
Linda: At any rate...(she laughs). It's fun, but they end up trompping through all his patch cords and stuff. He's going "Fuck. Oh, my God. It's unplugged." As if it's not hectic enough to work through your set with out falling apart at the seems.
ID: What about all your wild parties? Why haven't we been invited?
Linda: We've had a few. We had a really killer studio, that used to be a store front church in Inglewood. We had that for about two years. It had a stage and could hold about 50 people. There was no windows, it's all dark, all paded and it's completely lit by whatever lights--christmas lights, blacklights, red bulbs, green bulbs. So, you never knew if it was light or dark, or what time it was. You just completely lose touch. We had

Photo by Thomas at Al's Bar

amazingingly wild parities where it was just a free for all. As long as the musical equipment didn't get hurt everything else could just be trashed and painted.
ID: How did you find that place?
Linda: We were friends with another band who was rehearsing there.
Buck: After a while the gangs moved in. It turned out Florence was the front line between to rival gangs. We

found out they were selling hand grenades at the local liqour store. It's like "fuck." We're trying to look for a new sudio now.
Linda: Ideally we want two get another one where we can have more parties. It feels like there's a big void in our life (laughing), where we can't go off.
Buck: We're practicing in Venice in a little tiny closet space.
Linda: Anyway, practice space, touring--it's all a big struggle.
ID: Do you do other stuff besides the band or is that your main focus.
Buck: We carry on in the day time. Try to get the rent money, food money, but the band is pretty much the main thing.
Buck: I herd a funny thing today. Well maybe I shouldn't talk about MTV. Well, we were mentioned as a band with an annoying name.
ID: Do you have any plans for videos?
Buck: Oh yeah, we tried, but it didn't quite work out.
Linda: We're in the process, but it doesn't seem to get born.
Buck: We spent a couple of weekends in Griffith park.
Linda: And driving around some strange parts of L.A..
Buck: With video cameras down our necks and stuff.
Linda: But we're not sure if it's an abortion or if it's still incubating.
ID: Did you have a concept?
Linda: Just some basic images. Nothing too arty, but kind of interesting and simple. Nice and easy.
Buck: Nothing too taxing on the mind. We have done some live stuff.
Linda: There's bound to be one good song.
Buck: But then what do you do with the videos? This project we did they were supposedly going to do an European MTV thing. For whatever that's worth.

Linda: All these incubating projects. We'd like to do some cool super eight stuff. Some obviously non video things. Something that doesn't look like video.
ID: Do you still go on those desert excursions?
Linda: Yeah, we went on that wild one... **Crashworship**. Everyone brings a perussion instrument.
Buck: There was 30 people out in the desert, everybody banging on different things. It was at an old nudist colony.
Linda: It was an old house foundation and most of the walls had been knocked down except for a few. There was an empty swimming pool with skaters down there sessioning, bonfires burning up on the foundation of this house, people up there just thrashing on stuff as hard as they could, this full moon coming up in the sky and the wind just going "woosh." There's something when you get outside of the city boundaries and there aren't the walls up around you, you feel so little and insignificant, you can just cut loose and scream.
Buck: Not to mention the facts that the psychedelics were flying around.
Linda: I know at these things every strange mood is brewing up. People are just reacting and bumping into each other. You don't know about half the people, but you feel like you've known them the whole time just be-



Ethan on Springs at Al's Bar Photo by Thomas

cause everyone is in a communal mind set. When you get up there its like "Wow, this is cool." And it just kind of all gets sucked into this openess out there. And halfway down the hill you can hardly hear it.

ID: It's a really good change to have shows outside.

Buck: It's hard to pull off, you know. I was talking to a guy from Zendeck Farms and they do a thing called plywood stock. I don't know where they hold it, but we were invited to go participate in that.

Linda: It's kind of a home grown commune, Woodstock.

Buck: It's kind of oriented into the same kind of thing the desert scene was--more of a ritualistic thing. Not so much just playing a gig. Tribal...

Linda: At least that's the way you feel when you're outside. We played in a backyard of somebody's house and it's a completely different feeling than playing inside. It's under the stars.

ID: The tension builds when you're waiting for the cops to come break up the party. The **Minutemen** played some of those desert shows. They also played on a boat one time.

Linda: Oh, neat. That's a good idea. You have to be careful about your beer consumption out there though.

Buck: (Laughing) Rock n' roll.

ID: Yeah, did you hear the thing about Elvis making more money today than he did when he was alive?

Buck: I think it's funny how Elvis' kid, Lisa Marie said... Well, of course this was in the Enquirer (laughter), but she said Elvis was going to be reborn through her son. Then she has a daughter. So, what the fuck is that.

Linda: Well, she's trying to milk us along so we keep buying the products that she gets the royalites from.

Buck: So maybe it's Elvis' alter ego. He's been reborn as a female.

Linda: But he's was always kind of half feminine-with that make- up, dying his hair and shaking the hips.

Buck: He liked to wear clean white cotton panties.

Linda: The momma's boy all the way.

Buck: Kind of like me. I can relate to that.

Linda: (laughing) Yeah, you like yours filled though. Yeah, that's weird though. Everybody seems to be picking up on Elvis now, even though kids our age have never even seen him and for our parents it wasn't that big a deal. It's weird.

Buck: Elvis is rising. He's living again. If you rearrange the letters in his name it spells lives (they crack up).

ID: That's like the rearranging of the letters in Spiro Agnew (Grow a Penis).

Death Ride '69 at Al's Bar *Photos by Thomas*

Buck: Just think in two thousand years someone could throw together a new bible, a post nuclear bible, with Elvis as the savior. The king rose again. They'll probably work in a virgin birth in there somewhere.

Linda: Well, the twin birth is kind of freaky. With the dead twin brother. In the meanwhile we're just hoping our record is going to make it on Flipside one of these days.

Buck: There's a real good chance that we'll be recording some stuff real soon, because a lot of people are interested in us right now.

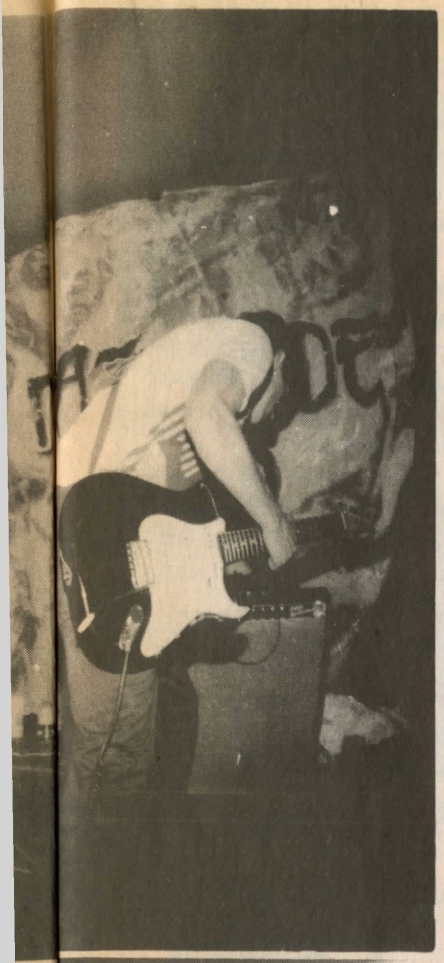
Linda: Probably a four song e.p. We're dying to get the new high energy mixes coming.

ID: Have you added backword masking to **Death Ride 69**?

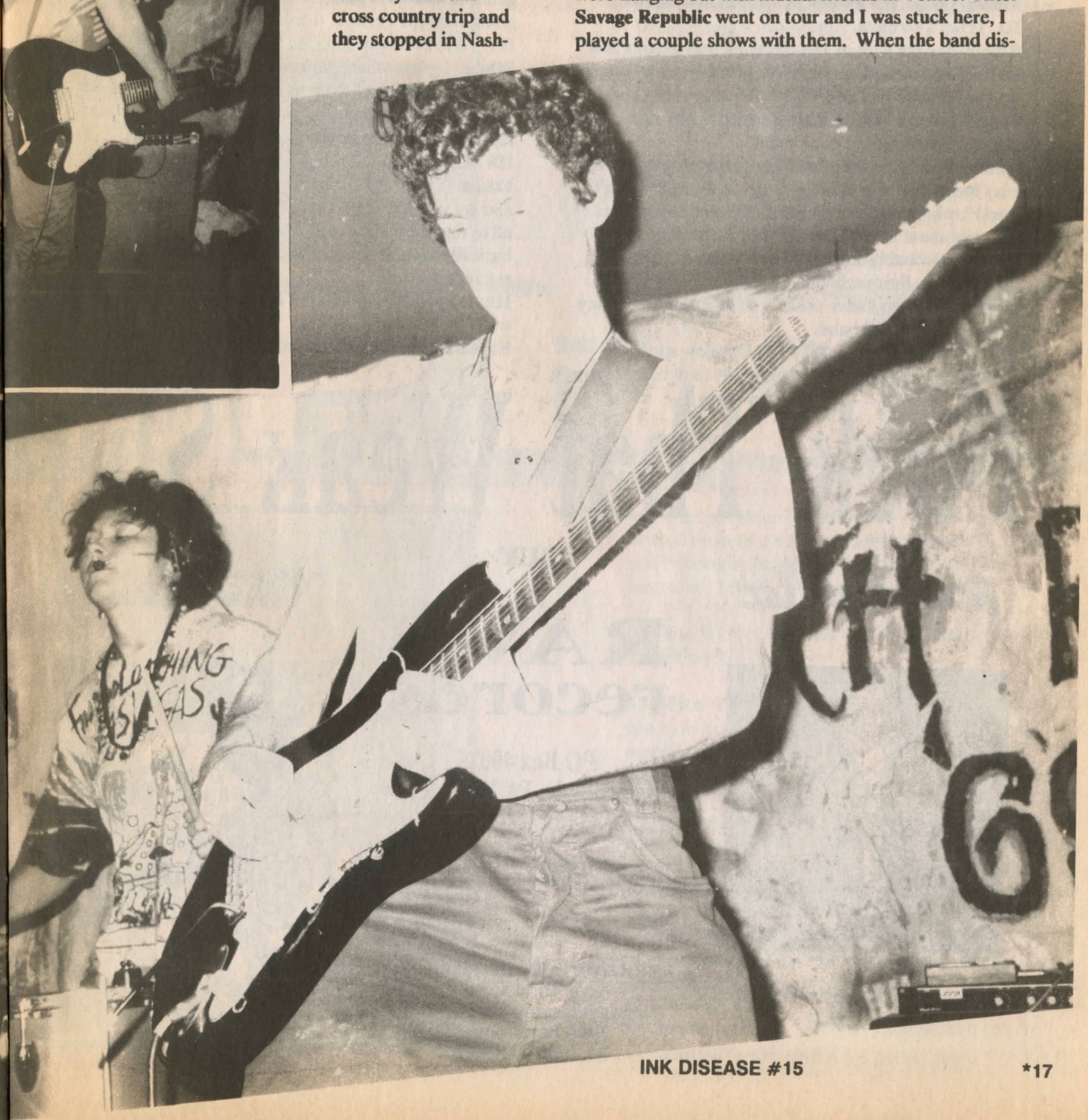
Ethan: We always had backward masking. On our backing tapes we have all kinds of subliminal things that we haven't revealed to the public yet, and we never will because then we'd become just another boring band. There's all kinds of interesting tidbits taken from the files of freaky phone. You have to ask us what's the future of **Death Ride**.

ID: What's the future?

Ethan: I have no idea. Buck and I plan to continue building tension and hostility towards each other... What about the history. Linda's from Washington D.C.



ID: Why did she come out here?
Ethan: I think one of the reasons was to get as far away from her parents as possible. I don't know. I think Don and Linda took a road trip one day and got stuck out here. The story I heard was that they took this cross country trip and they stopped in Nashville and went to graceland. That's where the whole Elvis Christ thing came in. They saw all these people worshiping Elvis Presley at his grave. They decided that Elvis was going to take over Jesus Christs place in a hundred years. It's like a Church and Elvis is now a corporation--tax deductable. Flipside has been really good. They're the only record company that will take us. Except Alternative Tentacles kind of likes us.
ID: How did you get involved with Death Ride?
Ethan: **Savage Republic** played a show with them at the Scream in October so I met them there. Also they were hanging out with mutual friends in Venice. After **Savage Republic** went on tour and I was stuck here, I played a couple shows with them. When the band dis-



solved the first time Linda asked me to play. We played one show at the Music machine where I was just playing percussion, we had no guitar. Then they asked me to play with them all the time. I said okay, and by the first rehearsal I had the guitar in there. Pretty soon I was only playing percssion on two songs.

ID: You seem to be singing a lot too.

Ethan: That's the result that there's no one else to sing except Linda and she's playing the drums. I want to sing, but I don't consider myself as having a great voice. I can scream.

ID: Linda has a headset to sing through.

Ethan: I might get a wireless headset like that too.

ID: Is her's wireless.

Ethan: No, but with all the changing instruments and stuff if I had any other cords I'd probably get all tangled up. We plan to buy an SPX-90. That's our big purchase. Essential **Death Ride** sound.

ID: You have a lot of equipment.

Ethan: We have a lot of stuff for three people, but we play most of it. We're going to go on tour. We don't know how, but we've decided that the mid-west needs to know about **Death Ride 69**. Maybe we'll go to Europe--probably one of those three week tours.

ID: Did you finish school?

Ethan: Yeah, so I have nothing to do except waste my life in a rock n' roll band.

ID: Do you get headaches from Dayglow stuff?

Ehtan: We're using it more tastefully than before. In Laguna beach we completely covered there club with dayglow paint and it's really hard to get that stuff off. So, even though they didn't pay us it will be worth it. Actually the funniest show we played was at the Coconut Teazer. We were playing for all the Hollywood rockers. People actually kind of like us. I can't figure out why. I think it's the dayglow paint. It triggers some nuerological response. People can't help themselves. It's probably the subliminal messages we have encoded in our tapes, "Buy Flipside and read Ink Disease." What I want to know is what is going to happen to Flipside now that **Death Rides** on it. Is Flipside going to ruin its reputation as a hardcore label. Are we goint to be the curse of death for Flipside.

ID: I don't think of Flipside as a hardcore label.

Ethan: I guess when you know Al and Earthling you don't really think of them as a hardcore label. But he sure has the reputation. I like Flipside because it's a real L.A. thing. From the L.A. perspective.

ID: Are you writing songs for Death Ride?

Ethan: Yeah. What happened is we took the old songs and re- wrote most of them. They're not really close at all to the originals, except for "Elvis Christ." We have basically a whole albums worth of new material now, ready to record.

ID: Do you think you'll put that out with FlipSide as well?

Ethan: Yeah, we're planning on it. □

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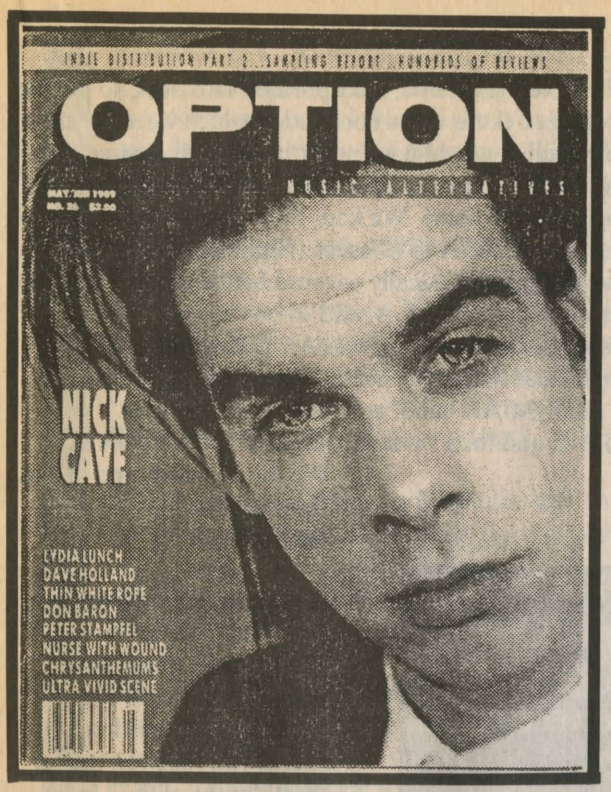
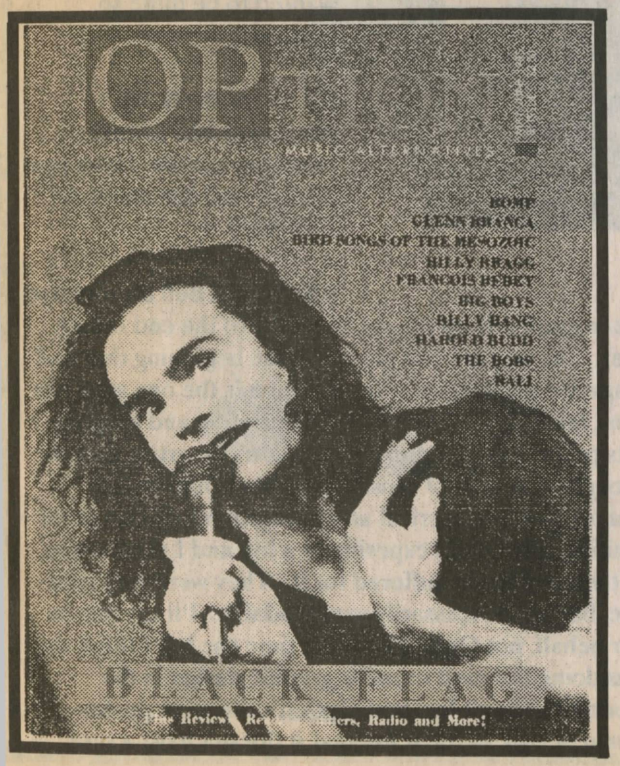


If Scott Becker had heeded his own advice, he never would have started Option magazine. Fortunately for all the obscure Icelandic folk bands, and everything else that falls under the banner of "Music Alternatives," he found himself unemployed, and with a dying magazine dumped onto his lap. With an unemployment check that was dubbed "Option's first state arts grant," and a few hundred dollars raised from benefit shows, Scott and few friends put out the first issue in March, 1985. Published bi- monthly out of a small office in West Los Angeles, Option continues to grow in more accessible vein while maintaining a level of quality and integrity, that in the age of Spin and Ink Disease seems undeniably rare.
Scott Becker was interviewed by Thomas and Steve at Option headquarters.

Ink Disease: *What makes a man start a magazine?*

Scott Becker: Stupidity in my case. I had no idea what we were getting into. People call me up all the time, wanting advice about starting a magazine. The first thing I tell them is it's a lot more work than you can possibly imagine. What you think it will cost, double it. I

OPTION



just want people to see the reality of it. Once I've treated them to a dose or reality, definitely do it. I'm a real believer in people putting out a record or magazine. I think that's really important

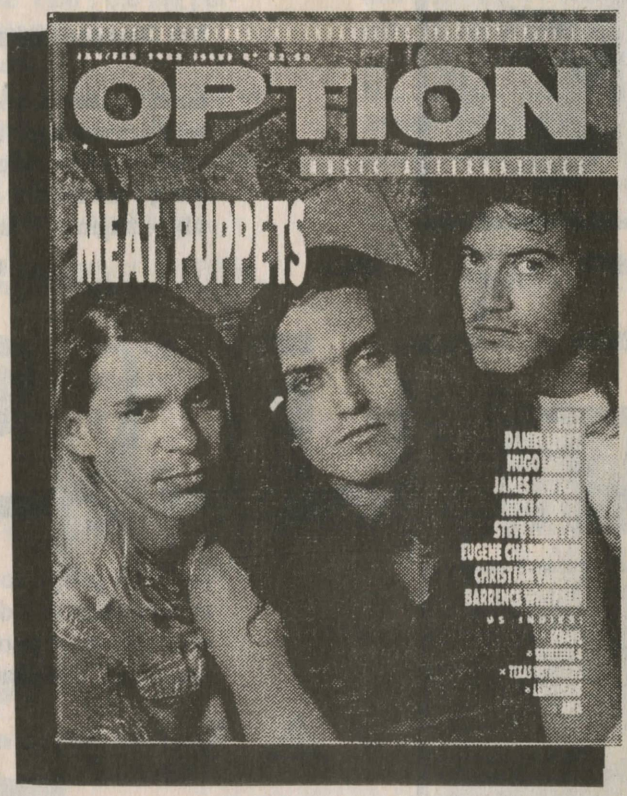
ID: *What did you envision when you started the magazine?*

SB: If you want to talk about us starting the magazine you have to go back to prehistory. Op was the only magazine I ever subscribed to. I wasn't a fan of magazines. Op was a magazine that had lots and lots of reviews of strange things. It was a really good source for keeping in touch for what was out there. I was disappointed that they were going to shut down. I and Richie Unterberger, who's our editor still, and some other people thought Op was a really cool magazine, so let's keep it going in some fashion. Everybody wanted to pitch in. Of course, over a very short period of time everyone except Richie and I flaked out. We basically saw eye to eye and worked very hard.

ID: *So you basically wanted to carry the torch for*

something you already believed in?

SB: Yeah, exactly. I was working full time as a television script reader and working on the magazine as a hobby. I didn't last six months in that job. I got a [unemployment] check from the state that someone described as my first state arts grant. It was a monster that fell into my and Richie's laps. No one expected to get paid. This was late '84. We all had jobs, we just hoped the magazine would support itself. My friend Tom, who I played guitar with, was our accountant, he just sat me down one day and said "Okay, this is really cool and has a lot of potential, but where are you going to get the money?" I had no idea. He said "are going to put it up?" I had no money to put up. We had benefit shows. Over several months we raised all of 600 dollars. We were trying to be underground and at the same time we were doing something that was going to cost thousands of dollars every month. All the subscriber's money that would pay for six issues, we spent on the first one. Then we got more supscriptions and sold some ads, which allowed us to do the next one and then the next one. We just kept going. The first year was total hell. I lost my job. I was working 100 hours per week to make it happen. I had no idea what I was doing. I went through Art Director hell. I was learning as I was going. The only thing that I had ever done that had anything to do with a magazine, I wrote a few things for Op. We had to learn about distribution and advertising. Getting a computer solved a lot of problems. That was really exciting, except I had never worked on a computer and neither had Richie, so we had no idea how to use it.



ID: *How did it evolve from Op to Option?*

SB: It wasn't even a transition, it was more like a big lurch. Their last issue was November/ December '84, and in that period they sold us their mailing list, they gave us their list of distributors and writers. We essentially stole their name, incorporated into ours, so people recognized there was a connection which worked out really well. I would have never invented the name Option, it served every purpose; it kept their name and changed their name. We kept their format. In the beginning we had the A to Z issues (beginning with A, an issue of Option basically covered bands or persons that started with the letter A, and so on through the alphabet). The first cover was **Art Ensemble**, of Chicago. The format was pretty loose. We had articles "What is an .MDNM/Art band" and "Alternative spaces." We did A-E and then we said, "forget it nobody likes it." We did a survey, and it was the one thing people really disliked.

ID: *It seems really limited.*

SB: It wasn't at all. We filled those issues. There's so much stuff out there. It makes you reach to the furthest depths of the Underground. We had to find things that were real esoteric. Think of filling up an issue with when you're on E. Once we got rid of the alphabet we had no format restrictions. When it came right down to it, I don't think the writers wanted to be quite so esoteric.

ID: *Graphically the magazine has always been top notch. Have you always had the same Art Director?*

SB: Kristin Bell art directed the magazine from the second issue to the end of last year. She was the one person in the beginning that had magazine experience. Art direction is the one area you can't fake. You either know the printing and graphic arts process or you don't. She was a fine artist, and she brought that kind of sensibility, rather than an Art Center type commerical arts background which can be limiting. She would experiment a lot, and I think some of the early issues suffered for it. They were very creative, but not neccessarily very readable. I'll say this on her behalf, not Option's, by the time she left I think she was doing the most creative graphic design in the Country. I don't feel that Option's the most professional design, in the sense that it doesn't have a very

staid look to it. As we did better financially we wanted to keep putting more into the magazine. We went to four color covers, and then all glossy paper. Now we have four color inside the magazine. When I was certain we could pay for those things, then I would do it.

ID: *That sounds very conservative.*

SB: We are conservative. We're not Spin. There's no guy in the back room who writes a check for another million dollars when the first one runs out.

ID: *What was your first color cover?*

SB: The **Cocteau Twins** [in May/June '87]. A lot of people think it's our nicest cover since we went to color.

ID: *Once you make the step to color or glossy paper it's hard to go back.*

SB: That is exactly it. I had been waiting and waiting for someone to come along and buy our back cover and do a four color ad. Then we can could have color on the front. It didn't happen, so I just said "fuck it. I'll pay for it." It worked out. Next issue I did a color cover and the back ad was black and white, but we've had color back covers ever since. It was just a matter of, we had to take the step. It's like capitalism. You have to put up the money and take the risk in order to make a profit. We ended up taking the risk like suckers, we had no idea. But it worked out fine.

ID: *Recently, the Los Angeles Times had an article about* Option *becoming more mainstream with your decision to put* **Siouxsie & The Banshees** *on the cover. Aare you moving in a more accessible direction?*

SB: I would pretty readily admit that our covers are more commercial than they used to be. Our circulation is up to 16,000, and it's scary to think we have all these magazines out there. We paid for them and printed them, "I hope they sell." The reality of it is paying the printer. So we are trying to be accessible to a certain level. The L.A. Times must be joking if they think **Siouxsie & The Banshees** is so commercial.

ID: *MTV had them on as a new band.*

SB: Exactly. We were aware of that when we did it. It's such a joke. I think she's one of the most talented people, not just women, of the last decade. She gets no recognition in this Country. Rolling Stone won't cover her. Musician won't touch her. Spin did a record review. It's a multifold thing. Yes, **Siouxsie**'s pretty commercial for us, on the other hand we presented

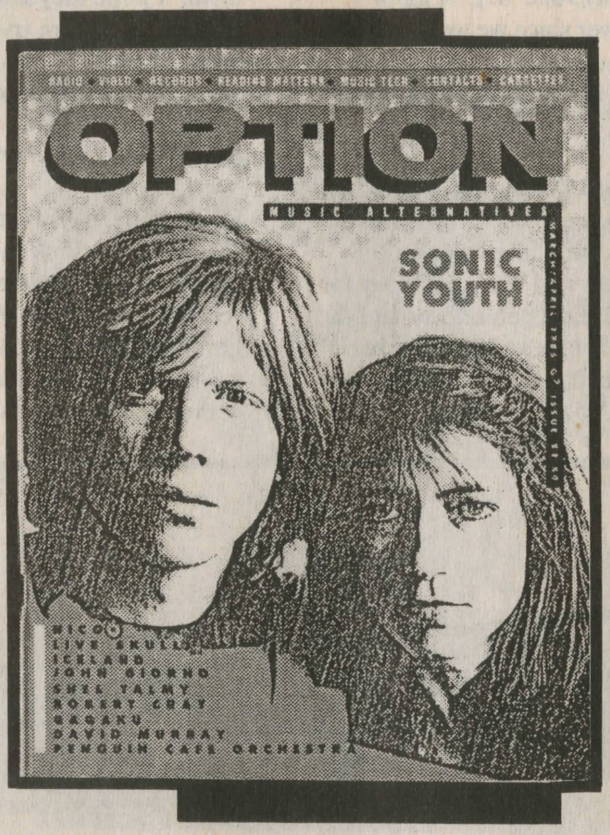
something that's an alternative to the more commercial magazines. Aside from the covers, and the cover stories, I don't think our magazine has changed dramatically at all. I will still do an article on an obscure Icelandic folk band, if somebody presents a really good piece. I think that's what is cool about Option, it really runs the gamut. We will throw something in that's real off-the-wall.

ID: *Something to alienate everyone.*

SB: I want to address both-people who listen to **Echo and the Bunnymen** and the real obscure stuff. Both groups might learn something.

ID: *Is working on* Option *a 40 hour a week job?*

SB: It varies depending on how close we are to going to press. Normally it's closer to 50 hours a week, which isn't so bad. One of the things we really believed in right since the beginnin,g for us to be credible, we had to come out right on time. We saw that Op came out every two months, we thought "Hey no problem." It was extremely difficult to do, but we made sure that happened. Now it's a lot easier to do an issue in two months. Eventually we want to come out more often. But, I don't want to take the same amount of information and spread it out over eight issues. I would feel like someones getting cheated



ID: *How many full time staff members are there?*

SB: There's myself, Richie and my fiance; we're a real mom and pop operation.

ID: *What has been the response from your family, from having a mainstream job to working on Option?*

SB: That is a good question, because I come from a real conservative family. When I told them I was doing a music magazine, they were pretty much bummed out. My father told me not to do it. He said, "Are you going to get paid?" He also runs a small business: I said "Did you get paid your first week?" He didn't say anything. That was the last time he complained.

ID: *Do you have trouble getting freelance writers to contribute?*

SB: We used to quite a bit. We're always looking for a certain level of quality and diversity. We're looking for articles that come in on time and ones we can get photographs for. It would be deadline day, and we'd look at the list of articles, "Okay, we need four more articles. Do we have any Reggae, or World Music? We have all this 'new music,' don't we have any rock bands we can write about?" It's only been since Richie left this office and moved to San Francisco have things settled down. Now he's doing editorial full time. He has time to keep in touch with writers.

ID: *How is selling ads and distribution going?*

SB: Distribution sucks! It's the same thing with indie records. We use record distributors, and compared to magazine distributors they're wonderful, but magazines are a low priority for record distributors. Their business is to sell records. They also have a line of accessories: magazines, bongs etc.... The other side of it is, they should be pushing magazines like Option and Ink Disease, because people who read those magazines are the biggest record buyers. Magazine distributors are worse. They're in the business of selling magazines, once they got you, they got you basically. They're terrible about paying. You have to decide what's more important, getting your magazine distributed in Seattle [for example] or getting paid for that issue, and hope they pay for the next issue. Magazine distributors stiff us all the time.

ID: *There doesn't seem to be as many "alternative" music publications as a few years ago. Why do you think that is?*

SB: I think the whole fanzine thing has peaked. There has been so many of them. Most of them are not very

good. Everybody's reviewing the same records; Touch and Go, Homestead, SST, that whole related axis. Those records got reviewed by all the fanzines and finally they had enough.

ID: *Do you ever find yourself getting burnt out on music?*

SB: No, then I wouldn't do it. I would get bored really fast. I have the same enthusiasm, but at the same time I have less tolerance. For example, I used to go down to the Anti Club a couple times a week; I just don't have patience for that anymore. There is still a lot of really great music. **Sonic Youth** puts out some really great records. Most rock music is just horrible right now. I've been listening to a lot of Rai [pronounced rye] music lately. It's Algerian pop music. I think Rap is really interesting right now. It's real cutting edge.

ID: *What you like still seems to be just as varied as there types of bands within music alternatives?*

SB: Yeah, it's not just a pose. I don't like everything we write about. I really don't like Laibach at all, but someone gave me a good piece on the band, so we'll run it. My background was as a music director of a 10 watt college station in Boston that had the freedom to do anything. A friend, that I've known since that time, described Option as a magazine version of that station.

ID: *How may records do you get a month?*

SB: We get about 300 records and CDs a months, of those 300, I like maybe 10.

ID: *Do you listen to a sampling of all 300?*

SB: Unless it's a major label that just screams shit, I'll listen to a sampling of ever record. What's probably most interesting about listening to music here, is programming in this office is totally random; we might put on a Bluegrass record, then a Hardcore record, and then some shitty major label record. It gives you a very warped perspective of what people are listening to.

ID: *Can see yourself five years down the road still doing* Option*?*

SB: We have been doing it for almost five years, and it went by pretty fast. I still enjoy doing it. It's more interesting now because I no longer have to deal with the day-to-day hell that I did five years ago. So, five more years maybe, 10 more, no. I am very lucky to be able to do this full time. The longest I've ever held a job before I did this magazine was six months. The fact that I've been doing this for four and a half years tells me I must like this a whole lot more than anything else that I ever did. The whole thing was sort of forced on me. I didn't have a job, but I had a magazine and away we went. All the things that weré really horrible in the beginning that seemed like constant crises, now I can expect a certain level of crisis. I'm no longer as freaked out by it all. □

BAD RELIGION

As we enter the post-industrial-"Baby on Board"-dayglo tampon- Malcom X-Geraldo-U/V protection 30 decade, there seems to be a common thread, nothing lasts. Even the '69 Volvo that put up with me from one end of the decade to the other is as likely to be resurrected as the "They're here" girl from "Poltergeist (I, II & III)" who died tragically of constipation. Punk rock and all the baggage it carries is no excecption to that rule, or is it? Not only are Bad Religion still making 'em sweat on the packed dance floor of Raji's, on a Tuesday (and I'm not talking with a metal, country, rap, psychedelic, hip-hop or Debbie Gibson edge), they're doing it with the same members and twice the intensity that first caused the glands of boys and girls of all ages to swell longer than anyone cares to remember.

Greg Graffin: Low to mid range vocals
Mr. Brett: Highly fertile guitar
Jay Bentley: Savage Bass
Greg Hetson: Jerk'n guitar
Pete Fineston: Glam-free drums

ID: I over heard this conversation between these two guys in the bathroom. This guy couldn't believe that he saw you guys so long ago at the Cathy Da Grande. The other guy said that he was in junior high school at the time.
Brett: So, were we.
Greg G: There was already a history behind Bad Religion at that time. (they try to figure out what line-up they had then).
ID: Do you think there has there been a re-flowering of the band since you guys can pack a club on a Tuesday night, at the same time **Old Skull** is playing?
Brett: That's what screwed it up.
ID: Would you guys be willing to open up for Old Skull on a tour?
Greg G: Hell yeah, if we get more money than them.
Brett: What do they need money for. They're eight years old.
Jay: If we go on at 12:00 and they go on at two, we'll gladly go on tour with them.
Greg G: We'll open for any band virtually.
Jay: What would we talk about, they're eight years old?
ID: Are you going to tour?
Brett: This summer we're just doing a European tour. No American tour, because we have less time.
ID: What part of Europe are you going to?
Brett: Italy, the Netherlands, Germany, Switzerland, England and Belgium.
Jay: We were supposed to play Czechoslovakia but...
Greg G: We're playing seven shows in Germany.
ID: Are you happy playing this kind of music?
Greg G: If we come out on a Tuesday night when usually at this time I'm sleeping I must be happy playing this kind of music.
Jay: I love this kind of music.
Brett: This is it. We wouldn't do it for this long if it wasn't it.
ID: How would you describe your musical evolution over the last eigth years?
Jay: Oh, lord.
Brett: It hasn't evolved at all.
Jay: It's exactly the same. It's kind of like bats.
Greg G: Bats have good fossil records.
Brett: And they haven't evolved in over a sixty million years.
Greg G: So, we're kind of like the Batman.
Brett: We're nothing like the African Pigs, where you can trace their evolution back farther than any other animal with constant fossilization records (Someone laughs).
ID: So, can you think of any other bands besides yourself who have not evolved in the last

10 years.
Brett: What about **Boston.**
All: **BOSTON?**
Jay: The **Dobbie Brothers** just came out with a new album.
Brett: It sounds exactly the same.
Jay: They degressed.
Brett: But I think that's kind of unfair. I think in a way we have evolved, and I think the **Ramones** have too. It's gotten better than someone like **David Bowie** where every album is completely different. We don't want to just ride the next wave of what is going to be able to sell. We might have, say at one time, done something that was...
Jay: Evolutionary.
Greg G: Childish.
Jay: It was very mature.
Brett: I think if you delete the one title from our catalog... There's an unknown title "Into Nothingness..." (Greg is making attack of the killer ant noises to drowned out this part of the interview).
ID: To date is that your best selling record?
Brett: It's the worst selling. If you delete that one and look at the ep's, "How Could Hell Be Any Worse," "Suffer," and then we have a new one coming out called "No Control..."
Greg G: Yeah, basically if you look at all our popular records we're the same.
Jay: No it's a progression of being better at what we do best.
Greg G: Refining your craft.
Jay: When we did our first record Brett had an Ibenez Artist gituar and did bar chords. I had a Sears bass with painted strings that I never changed, because I didn't know how, and they didn't break. And I said, "Well, they haven't broken. Why should I change them." Now we know what sounds best and what works best.

Bad Religion strike their best glam pose

Pete Jay Brett Greg G. Greg H. (Stand In)

Photo by Steve Alper

Photos by Thomas

Greg G.

Bad Religion at Raji's

More or less refining your craft in a way that makes it sound better, but the songs are written in pretty much the same way.
ID: So, now 10 years later you're using a Sears bass and an Ibenez guitar.
Jay: No, I would never go back.
Brett: Part of what makes us **Bad Religion** is that we sound like **Bad Religion**. None of us are virtuosos. The thing about us that is good, or the essense if you strip it down, is the melodies of the songs and the lyrics that go to those melodies. And those two things are somewhat singular, in terms of the club scene nowadays.
Brett: And the linear approach of the guitars...
ID: Has your name be a problem for the band?
Greg G: No. It limits our possiblities, but... You'll never see us on the top 10, because of the name.
Jay: It's better than the names that we were going to choose. If people like us, that's great. If they don't like us because of the name that's their problem then. Oh well, "**Poison** is safe to listen to." But poison is not safe. If you take poison you die. The name is more or less in people's minds.
Brett: If I'm at my parents house and my mom has friends over they say, "Oh, is Brett in a rock band. What's the name of it?"
ID: I'm in a band called **BR**.
Brett: I'm in a band called **L-7**.
Jay: Or make up a lie or something.
Greg G: We're called **Pink Twinkies**.
Brett: Where did that come from?
Jay: We were going to play El Camino High School. We were going to give them a tape of **Devo** and say we were **Pink Twinkies** so they would let us play there.
ID: You have a sound that sort of defines a period of Southern California hardcore. Are people interested in you because of that when you go on tour?
Greg G: I think that's sort of true of the early '80s. You've got all these heavy metal bands. And what do they define.
ID: So, why didn't you go in that direction? What's different about you that's kept you from going in that direction?
Brett: Our skill kept us from going in that direction. I hate long guitar solos. That's the whole reason I got into punk bands. Even If I could do that I wouldn't. Even if for some reason I became corrupt and demented and stareted liking indulgent four minute guitar solos, and vocalist who sound like their balls got cut off I still wouldn't be able to, because I don't have the ability to do that.
Greg G: I could sing like that if I wanted to.
Brett: No way.
Jay: He plays a mean lead bajo (though).
Brett: It's bullshit. The whole reason we got into punk music was kind of a backlash against that early '70s bullshit rock. That's like what is popular now. A few of the bands I like because they are real poppy. I like Pop.
ID: Can you name them?
Brett: I'm not going to name them, but there's a song or two on the radio that I like now. In general I really don't like what's going on.
Greg G: Generally people have written off the early '80s music, because they think it didn't go anywhere, and evolved into a sort of heavy metal long hair music. That's our biggest problem right now is people think, "Oh yeah, they're a fossil band. They're a band that will remind us of the early '80s." But they're not giving us enough credit for it, because that music was vital and it still is.
Jay: We keep writing new songs.
ID: Is the band your main focus. I know you (Brett) have a studio?
Brett: I've worked on **Russ Tollman**, **L-7**, the **Little Kings**, **NoFX** and **D.I.** I work on 20 or 30 albums a year. And then there's **Bad Religion**. That takes about a week or 10 days.
Greg G: I say I put in about one third of my time into **Bad Religion**. That's actually a lot. It might even be less than that.
Brett: I put in less than that.
ID: So, all those years ago at Godzilla's and the Cathy Da Grande would you have ever thought that by 1989 you'd still be doing it at Raji's?
Brett: Yeah I did.
Greg G: I said, "If there's no reason for us to break up we'll still be together."
ID: So, what are some famous on stage incidents at **Bad Religion** shows?
Greg G: (They all argue) Remember one time this girl lost her purse?

Jay: Oh yeah, at Fenders.
Greg G: She came on stage and said, "I lost my purse."
Jay: "You fuckers, I lost my purse. Which one of you have it."
Greg G: Someone actually found it and gave it back.
Jay: That was so great. That sort of says where punk is heading. ▣

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Despite rumors of an early demise, the word now has it that the Beatnigs are touring in Eastern Europe. Spreading industrial funk music is their righteous mission. Live, these guys offer much visual excitement, with sparks flying lyrically, musically, and litterly from vocals and various metal devices such as circular saws. I guess I just have some kind of a weakness for oil drums, chains, sheet metal and a pounding beat. So let's continue with the second installment of Antonio's Beatnigs interview--Thomas

Photo by Murray Bowels

Michael Franti at Gillman Street

THE BEATNIGS

* * *

A street fulla people
with fog on their heads.
A street fulla people in chains.
A street fulla people
when lights come tomorrow won't change.
A street fulla transfers
attached to waving arms.
A street fulla dirty dirty drivers
in shiny cars.
My street's fulla dollars
held as tight as wrinkles in their hands.

A street fulla Nigs
in nylon leather jackets
A street fulla blacks who are chained.
A street fulla TV's
shouting morals in their cars.
A street fulla complainers
in Macy's suits
A street fulla faceless names.
A street fulla privileged sufferers
settling for Italian motorcycles.

And it might lead to a life in the White House
or it might lead to a wife in a white house
I don't know!

But the day I die
The day I die!
It'll be a normal day
for the people on the other side.

A street fulla Nigs (repeat)

* * *

Michael: Wow, this is Michael on KALX, live in Berkeley.
Andres: On Campus with my FM radio voice. Thank you for coming to the **Beatnigs** show.
ID: I have to see what's going on here. Complete chaos has broken down. We have no leaders here. Were trying to find the responsible **Beatnig** father image.
Laura: , this is a collective isn't it?
Michael: Yes it is , we're all responsible in many, many ways, on many levels.
Laura: Do you want to go to the caller now?
Henry: Someone please call in and help us out.
Andres: Hello, you're on the air.
Henry: This is the Larry King show.
Caller: I called a minute a go, and I got cut off. Back to the question. I went to a couple of the shows of the **Beatnigs**, and when I take friends they don't understand the concept you're talking about. They are always asking me, "Why are they doing this, and why are they doing that?" They're always questioning the group and why they dress like that, or "Why don't they play regular instruments?" I'm saying, you're not looking at the total picture. What you're looking at is something entirely different, something that's never been done before. Everything symbolizes something. They don't play regular instruments. It's all world beat, like that industrial sound that comes from Germany. People don't have enough knowledge to put together the pieces in the puzzle. Once they do catch up, the **Beatnigs** will be five or six years old. The rest of the country, the teenagers, the teenyboppers, what ever you call it, the audience, catches up to the thinking of the group. Right now, you are going to continue to be an underground band, which is fine with me, because I don't like it when bands get popular.
Michael: Yeah, we try to have a purpose for everything that we do, like the clothes we wear, or the instruments we play. One of the statements in particular of the band is that fact that we live in a hightech society, and when black people-- we are people brought here from Africa. We are the descendants of those people, and those people were needed to work, and now we live in a hightech society.
Andres: So, we're not needed any more.
Michael: Black people are not needed anymore.
Andres: What do they need us for?
Michael: Introduction: crack...
Andres: We're not needed anymore.
Michael: Introduction: drugs. Introduce all the elements in order to establish a suicidal genocide so that we'll just take care of ourselves, and they'll get us out of here. (Andres whispers "get rid of them, get rid of them..." behind Michael's voice) That's what's happening. So part of the statement of the band is to get this low-tech thing happening. Instead of going to all this hightech stuff, like all these other bands have been doing, let's take this trash, let's take this garbage, let's take this rejection that we've been fed, and let's make something beautiful out of it, like after the Watts riots when they built the beautiful sculptures out of all the garbage that was there. That's part of the message of the band as well.
ID: What if these people don't get the message?
Caller: I keep playing the music, even when I'm around them. They want to listen to Bebop, or some Mod rock, or what ever. I play the **Beatnigs**. I like the **Beatnigs**. That's what its all about: being an individual.
Michael: Right on. When Bebop came out, what do you think they thought about Bebop?
Caller: The exact same thing.
Michael: They said this is a bunch of noise, these brothers are blowing on horns, they're not playing notes.
Henry: They still do. Jazz gets no respect in America. No respect.
Andres: Unless Sting does it (Cynical laughter)...
Michael: Do we still have the caller?
Caller: Yes, we do.
Michael: Anything else you want to say?

Caller: Yeah, I want to say anybody who is in the reach of my voice: be at Gillman on Friday [for the Rock Against Racism show], experience something new.
ID: If there are any other callers out there, we want to hear from you. We want to hear from you. Call in, this is your chance to put the **Beatnigs** on the spot.
Henry: Please.
ID: These guys really don't know what they're doing...
Henry: You're right.
ID They're ringing bells and stuff. But that's all right, we're having fun.
Andres: We've got it all under control.
Michael: Antonio, I've got a question for you. In your experience with music and bands... ah, that's it. (laughter)
ID: The dialectical emperical analysis of the endo plasmic reticulum...
Michael: Okay, we've got a song cued up. Lets go to another song, this is "Television"-- the drug of a nation, on KALX, in stereo...

* * *

Television
One nation, under one God
has turned into one nation
under the influence of one drug.
Television
And one man of this medium,
our president, Ronald Reagan.
Television,
the drug of a nation, breeding ignorance,
feeding radiation
TV! is the reason
why less than 10% of our nation
reads books daily
Why most people think
Central America means Kansas,
communism means unamerican,
and aparthied is
a new headache remedy.
Where the Cosby show is watched
by rich whites,
and Dynasty is watched by everybody
TV! is the stomping ground for political candidates,
where bears in the woods are chased
by Grecian formula's bald eagles.
Where all you need to do to get elected
is make monkey movies (just ask Clint and Ronnie)
and where straight teeth
in your mouth are more important
than words that come out of it.
TV! Is the place where self-cancelling phrases
Like Pop-Art, Fresh-Frozen,
and Military-Intelligence have become standard.
TV! Is the place where words are refined
like "contra" to "freedom fighter",
and Sandinista to Repressive Regime.
TV! Is where the pursuit of happiness
has become the pursuit of trivia
where toothpaste and cars have become
sex objects and where Sesame Street
Is more real
than Hill Street.

* * *

Henry: Excuse me, we have a question.
Michael: We have a caller, let's go to line 9, the line are jammed.
Laura: You're on the air.
Caller: How's it going (in a proper English accent).
Michael: Great, quite well.
Caller: I spoke to one of the **Beatnigs** one day on the BART, and his girlfriend was on the BART, and I asked him a question because his girlfriend is white, and I asked, "Do you get in a lot of trouble for that?" He said that people always bother him. I said, "It's good to see you two together, I like to see that." I said, "You guys should stick together no matter what." Of course he said, "Yeah. I thought it is really bad that people still, in 1988, have this racist bigot, ridiculous type of attitude like that.
Rono: We agree.
Caller: I talked to him, he was pretty cool. I like the music of the **Beatnigs**, I think they're really great. My band is coming up soon (he proceeds to talk about his band for a long while).
ID: Do you think the **Beatnigs** are a punk band?
Caller: Yeah, pretty much, basically, its not like SOD. I don't like to hear about stereotypical punk music. People say it all sounds the same. No, not me.
Michael: We don't have any guitars.
ID: Why don't you have any guitars?
Henry: we're not into guitars.
ID: Have any Godhead guitarists offered to play with you?
Michael: East Bay Ray from the DK's wanted to play one day, but we said, "Okay," but there was no show that day, so...
Henry: There have been a lot of guitar players who want to play with us and there have been horn players, keyboard players. We want to learn how to play guitar ourselves.
Rono: I just bought a trumpet, so look out.
Michael: We just haven't found a guitar player that we want to work with or who really wanted to put in the dedication that is required to be one of the people in this band. (caller hangs up)
ID: So what's happening here?
Michael: Well, he made an interesting point about racism still existing in this country, and it is very important. In addition... you know, we talk about racism in this country or in other countries, but like he said, there is racism with people in the street, the people I deal with every day, and that's where you fight racism.
ID: Do you find racism in alternative music?
Michael: Yeah, definitely. The music industry practices

one of the most incredible aparthied systems in the world.
ID: Do you think AT can be an agent for social change in that respect?
Michael: Sure,yeah. It's a change in the music industry which carries over into society. There's black music which is formulated for supposed black listeners, and we're here to challenge that, and if you notice, we're an all black band.
Rono: No we're not!
Henry: Let's make a correction, we are a predominately black band.
Rono: I'm Asian.
Michael: You won't have us on too many "black" radio stations...
Henry: Or Chinese stations.
Michael: And there is a reason for that.
ID: Do you think you guys are breaking barriers?
Rono: Sure, we're opening doors to let people know.
Michael: We'll see what barriers we actually break down. We are attempting to put out a new sort of black music, a new sort of...
Rono: Music. I'm not black, brother, I'm not black, I'm not black... I'm not black!
Henry: That's right, it's not black music. We're just musicians.
Michael: It's music by black musicians.
Rono: But, hey, I'm not black Michael.
Michael: I see that Rono.
Rono: Well, I'll let you know right now, don't make that statement. Don't!
Henry: Don't make that statement.
Andres: Right, it's music based on a lot of different individual experiences...
Henry: Experiences-- real life experience. In a black and white world.
Andres: Exactly! so, it's not totally a black thing or a white thing, or an oriental thing, it's people.
Rono: It's a thing, it's a real thing.
Henry: Remember your song, "People Are The Best Part About Nature"?
ID: Hey, we have a caller here. Let's put him on the air.
Caller: Yeah, I bought the **Beatnigs** album, and I was looking at the Aural Manual, and I was looking at the dance steps. I can follow it through the first three boxes, but by the fourth box you guys have it all screwed up.
Rono: What it is, you've got give it all you got, and twist with with the cabbage patch hair, and a little Afro-Asian there, and I think you're on it.
Henry: Give it all you got.
Caller: Yeah, I tried it. I watched you guys, then I went to night clubs and tried it like it says in the manual. People loved it, they clapped for me now.
Michael: Did you get kicked out?
Caller: No, no.
Michael: You didn't do it right. (Everyone laughs)
Henry: That is one of the first steps to get it right, you have to get kicked out.

UNDERDOG

THE VANISHING POINT

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CAROLINE

Rono: You have to add the "Hustle".
Andres: (In a formal FM radio voice) Try to be a little less aggressive.
Michael: Don't half-step.
Rono: No buppy-step [? ed.], no buppy step.
Andres: Don't drink and dance.
ID: We don't have a visual here, but maybe someone can give a demonstration, and then describe what's happening.
(Everyone begins to moan and grunt and smash things in the studio. Clearly the Beatnigs dance is something that should be done under the supervision of a responsible adult.)
Micheal: If you had smell-o-vision you would have gotten the full effect.
Henry: Scratch and sniff.
Rono: You can check us out at the local clubs, I'm there.
Michael: Shhhh-- what's that? The caller wants to say something.
Caller: I want to hear "Burrito".
ID: Here is my spontaneous question: Do you really eat burritos with apple sauce?
Caller: What? (everyone laughs)
Rono: That's the answer.
ID: can you hear me?
Michael: Yeah, go ahead.
ID: Do you really eat apple sauce on your burritos?
Michael: Yeah, that's part of the recipe.
New **Caller:** You know how you were talking before about going to see the band and people not getting what you're doing? Well, this is a band that uses visuals and are dealing with a message, but, above all that, they are dealing with art. Finally we are seeing someone coming at the scene from a whole new angle-- the right angle-- you come, 'cause we're ready for it. And people are ready to be questioned, not so much on issues you bring up, but on the way they have to start to accept new things.
Henry: So for everyone who's got that kind of question or answer for us, listen to this guy, he's got the answer right there, that's it.
Caller: I'm saying, "Yo, I'm doing the same trip."
Rono: Yeah, word, word.
Henry: I'll smoke to that.
Michael: To the brother who wanted "Burritos"...

Rono Photo Curtesy of the FlipSide Video crew

* * *

At the White House tonight,
you can bet they're not eating burritos
nor are they wearing dirty clothes
NO NO, NO NO, NO
'cause on Nancy's thousand dollar old plates
and white linen table cloths
they're being served by servants
with big dark faces
big white teeth and big round eyes.

But not black eyed peas
and no burritos are served to those
who wear the fancy cloths.

Andre Flores

NO NO, NO NO, NO
on the menu for those in the
silk hose
there's turkey, ham, and
beef roast
one or all, but no burritos!

Buttered rolls and baked
potatoes
all washed down by purple
grapes
squished by brown toes
that they wave under their
nose
before it goes down the
throats of those
who can only afford burritos
And for desert it's
American pie
a feast for the eyes of those
who can only afford to eat
burritos
which they eat in the street
those
Burritos.

That cheese, rice, and beans
called pinto.
All wrapped and salsa'd in
steamed dough,
a cheap treat to eat in the
street
when there's no place left
else to go
to eat those burritos.
In a "Christian" country
with a "Christian" president,
who feeds missile silos
and buys little green cloths
for Rambos.
It costs lots to make those
commandos
silos to go.

Two hundred and fifty
thousand dollars
for each missile we fired in
Libya.
We may as well have had
a White House dinner with
all that dough,
or bought 700,896,001.4 bur-
ritos.

Willie Nelson with Farm
Aid,
Madonna with live aid,

BEATNIGS

Rock Hudson with real AIDS,
and Ronold Reagan with Contra Aid.
But where's the aid for all those who can only afford to eat
Burritos!

• • •

Ronc: I have a question: What does Beatnigs mean?
Michael: Well, let's talk about that. The word "nig" is a positive acronym for the word "nigger" and it is a word the **Beatnigs** use to describe people of any ethnic race, any sexual preference...

Henry: Not just black!
Michael: ...Any oppressed people in the world who have decided they are going to think about their position in the world, and then take action upon that. And rather than try to find a new term, we've shortened the word "nigger", which has been used as a term of degradation, so that we don't forget that today in this world, and today in this society, we are still considered second class citizens. We will not forget that until things are changed, a change that will be brought about by us, the oppressed people.

THE BEATNIGS

This concludes the Beat Nigs interview. You can read the first half in issue number #14. Be sure to check them out live and get the full effect which has yet to be captured on vinyl.

PHOTO BY KEVIN CUMMINS

ALTERNATIVE TENTACLES RECORDS
P.O. BOX 11458
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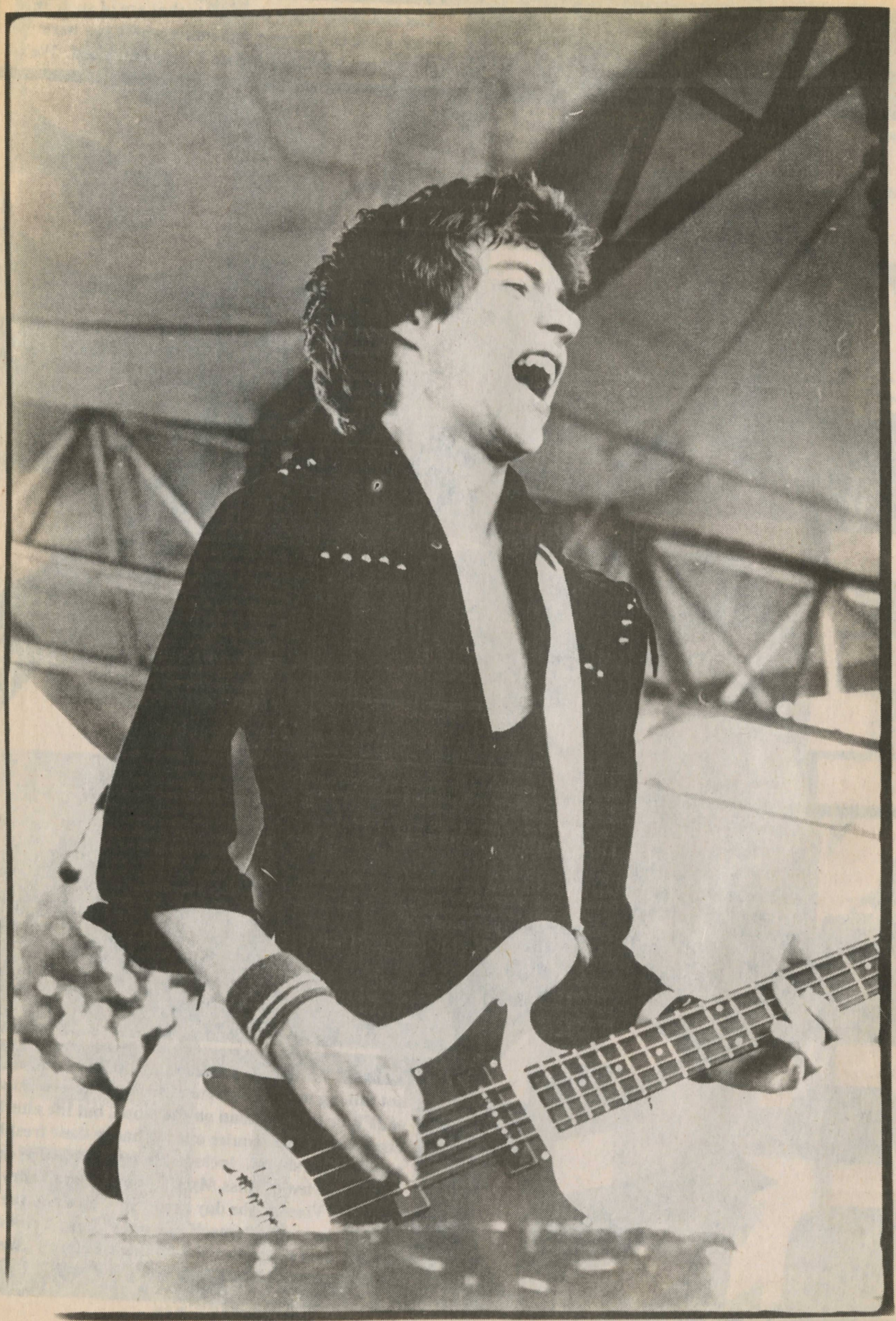
STIFF LITTL FINGE

Occassionally there are events that are of such importance you can forever remember where you were and what you were doing when THEY happened. We're

LLERS

not talking minor occurences such as the assassination of JFK or the first man on the moon, but life altering experiences that require one to change their freshly soiled boxer shorts. Included in my personal archive is my initial view of Russ Myer's, "Beyond the Valley of the Ultra Vixens," the day Fredddy "Chico and the Man" Prince offed himself in front of Tony Orlando, and the first time I heard Stiff Little Finger's "Suspect



Press Photo

Ali McMordie

Device." It's been quite a few years since that historic day, but its impact has yet to wane.

Formed in the Summer of '77, Stiff Little Fingers took their name from a Vibrator's song. The Belfast band also took a cue from the rising punk movement & journalist Gordon Ogilvie, and began to write their own songs. Ogilvie even co-wrote a good number of tunes with the lads. The group then put out their first single "Suspect Device" b/w "Wasted Life" on their own Rigid Digits label. This single took off, helped from the airplay given by the famous English DJ, John Peel. Qualites similar to the Clash, along with a fresh dose of gut level Irish urgency and originality, didn't hurt either. The result was a record deal with Rough Trade.

I could go on and on about the evolution of Stiff Little Fingers, but they've written a band history themselves--this history is neatly included in their song lyrics which follow the band's career over the hills and valleys (This is further elaborated on by Gordon Ogilvie in his liner notes for All The Best Of). Their desire to leave their native Belfast, the problems in Northern Ireland and other references are quite specific, but also reflect universal concerns, such as the lack of a place for youth in society, violence, the military, and personal relationships.

After many years of going in separate musical directions, the band has re-formed to do a number of reunion shows in response to the renewed interest of fans. The original band has remained intact, except for the drummer. Since band members live in different cities and no new material has been written, the future course of Stiff Little Fingers still appears to be up in the air. However, there is no doubt that their great exploding guitar distortion, the classic gruff vocals of Jake Burns, and the overall powerful and melodic tunes stand the test of time. Even the lyrics seem just as important and relevant today as ever.

Although disguised as typical Southern Californians, replete with shorts, multicolored high-top basketball shoes and Hawaiian shirts, the slightly sunburned Irish band was tracked down in their plush Hollywood hotel before some sweltering July shows. On the firing line for Ink Disease were Brian, Steve and Thomas. Firing back was Ali McMordie. We would like to thank Ali for his candid answers and manager Russell for his hospitality.

Ink Disease: Is your current U.S. tour just bicoastal?

Ali McMordie: Yes. We could have done a much bigger tour, but because of other commitments we just restricted it to the strongest areas; New York, Boston, Los Angeles and San Francisco. L.A. by far is the most popular area.

ID: Does the band still reside in London?

ALI: We're all over the place. Dolphin and I live in London. Jake lives up in New Castle, and Henry still lives up in Belfast. Were all from Belfast except Dolphin. He's the token Brit in the Band. We all go back to Belfast occasionally. Things aren't as bad as you would think. There's an undercurrent of tenseness there that I don't really notice. Russell, our tour manager, notices it because he's English. The English accent immediately arises suspicion, because with many of the kids there, the only English voices they hear are either on TV or coming from the end of a gun held by a British Soldier. So it's bound to present quite a bit of alienation, to a country that's just across the water.

ID: Does living so far apart from each other make it impossible to practice and write new material?

ALI: It's fairly much a one time thing, because we live very far apart. It's quite difficult in one sense because it's not an on going situation. We're here doing all old numbers, there's nothing new at the moment. We're not sure how it will go. The five years we spent apart, we have all done different things, to varying degrees of success. None of it was as rewarding or productive as the four of us together as **Stiff Little Fingers**. It took us five years to realize that.

ID: What sort of solo projects have the four of you been involved with?

ALI: Jake has his own band. **Jake Burns and the Big Wheel**. They had three singles out. He suddenly found himself playing to 500, where **SLF** were playing to 5000 in England. I got a band together, called **Friction Groove**, that was pretty embarassing. We sold 20 to 30 thousand albums out here in the States, except most of them were returned. I've had some success with **Sinead O'Conner**. I wrote a song on her album. Henry had his own band that didn't do very well. Of everybody, Dolphin probably did the best because he's more professional than the rest of us. The rest of us were a school band that were thrown together. It wasn't a band that was put together for professional reasons, it was something we grew up with. Whenever it sprung apart we found ourselves completely at sea. It wasn't until we got back together again did we realize this was the only thing we were ever completely happy with. The audience showed that appreciation by selling out all the shows on the come back tour.

ID: What was your first reunion show?

ALI: Funny enough, it was in a 600 seater club in Frankfurt. The reaction there was incredible. We were incredibly nervous and more wound up for that show

Henry Cluney, Dolphin Taylor, Jake Burns and Ali McMordie
Stiff Little Fingers at the Whisky Au Go Go -Photo by Al Flipside

than we'd ever been. We did seven encores that night. Everyone would have quite happily stayed there for an entire other show, but we physically couldn't do it. After that we thought this thing's much bigger than we expected. We have always been surprised that people buy the records and come to the shows. For us it's completely normal and natural what we're doing. We don't think it's anything particularly special.

ID: Did you think people would forget you?

ALI: Yeah. When we got back together again, we thought we'd do a couple of shows at Christmas; that's part of the reason why Jake suggested it. Suddenly we find ourselves doing 20 and 30 dates all across Europe. I think if we'd stayed together, the band would have been a lot bigger, especially in the States. We found it frustrating because it took American audiences particularly a long time to catch on to what was happening in Britain and Ireland. Jake was just talking about the reasons why we split up, apart from the fact that we hated each other, we were living out of each others pockets while we were on tour. We were four guys thrown together, the only thing we had in common was a desire to get out of Belfast, and to make noise, and get away with it. Get away from the shit called life.

ID: Is that why the band started, primarily to get out of Belfast?

ALI: Yeah. That's pretty much the reason, or at least have the choice. Henry's gone back to Belfast and will never leave there. I can never go back to live there. Every time I go back I start to remember after the first few days why I left in the first place. The Irish are the nicest people in the world, but there's something lying beneath the surface that has been handed down from generation to generation. As long as people don't think for themselves, nothing is going to change.

ID: It seems that people outside of Belfast or Ireland have problems understanding what the conflict is all about.

GOTTA GETTAWAY

you know there aint
no street like home
to make you feel
so all alone
so many folk to tell
you what to do
but they dont speak
the same language as you

they want to have me here
have me and hold me near
hold me down
fasten and tie
but the cars are all flashing me
bright lights are passing me
I feel life passing me by

the fuss is buzzing
in my head
my father argued
and my mother begged
its not that their words
aint tugging at me
but gotta stretch them
break them
get myself free

gotta gotta gettaway

Jake Burns of Stiff Little Fingers at the Santa Monica Civic -Photo by Thomas

went very well. Jim Riley, who left the band in '81 was in **Red Rockers**. He's got a new band called the **Rain Dogs** and lives in Boston.

ID: Is it true that he looks like Billy Idol now?

ALI: If you can imagine a 4'9" Billy Idol that's true. He hasn't got a blonde bonnet--wig, or a coke habit.

ID: Do you plan on writing new songs?

ALI: I don't know. We've been putting it off. The old songs still sound really good, The arrangements are the same, but we've changed a bit. If anything, we've gone back to basics. Its gotten more powerful. Though we've never been what you might consider session players, there's been a great emphasis on playing well. With the exception of Dolphin (capable of being a session player). Musically, throughout the albums, our musical progession has been very different and a non-conscious effort. It's been a natural development. We have never pandered to an audience or a record company. We have never had to play demos for a record company. That's one thing I've had to do after the band had broken up. I hated it. It was a position of luxury that we were in that I didn't realize.

ALI: I have problems understanding what it is all about, even within my own family. Like my sister was virtually forbidden from marrying her boyfriend becuase he was from the other side of the fence, and his parents felt the same way. The majority are peace loving people who are intelligent. Even those people have an undercurrent of bigotry. It's really disgusting and that's why I'll never go back to that place. Apart from the fact that there's 40% unemployment, which doesn't help.

ID: Since the band broke up, have any of you had to find jobs like brick laying?

ALI: We've all made a decision to stick in the music business. I was a tour manager for **Simply Red**, which

ID: What year did the band form?

ALI: 1977.

ID: The first single on Rigid Digits, did you put that out

yourselves?

ALI: Yeah. That came out a year later, then it was rereleased on Rough Trade. The album came out March, 1979. It has been roughly an album a year, which is quite good. If you look at the difference between the last album, which wasn't really popular and the first album, "Inflammable Material," which was incredibly popular, the last album was quite smooth compared to the first one. At the time we thought it was quite brillant. Everybody thinks their latest album is the best thing they've ever done. But in retrospect, the best thing is the first one. Really, that's what we should have gone back to. Now we're coming back to that a little bit more. It's amazing that we're able to come out [to the States] and do this. What I think our strength is, we're not flash, we're just four 30-year-old ex-punks doing something because we like it. The bottom line is the songs; I still enjoy listening to them. They seem to last.

ID: Have you heard **Naked Raygun**'s cover of "Suspect Device?"

ALI: I just got the tape and the CD. I once heard a Japanese version of "Suspect Device," sung in Japanese! That was quite frightening.

ID: You mentioned in an interview about nine years ago that you wanted to help U2 become bigger.

ALI: We wanted to help U2? Well, it has obviously paid off.

ID: One thing I remember about that interview, was how cynical you guys were towards American punk bands like **Black Flag**, **D.O.A.** and the **Dead Kennedy's**. What were those feeling about?

ALI: For us, it was one of the first times we were in the States. It was so alien to us coming from Ireland. It was a little bit like when we came to London for the first time and I would go out to the clubs. At that time there was a lot of trouble between Punks, Skinheads, Ted and all these subculture factions that were pounding the shit out of each other at gigs. I thought "You spoiled bastards. You live in London, where you've got more culture, more entertainment." I come from Ireland, where we've got nothing. Trouble is all I can remember about Ireland, which started when I was a kid. Its ruined the whole Belfast social life. In the dock side of Belfast there used to be 40 pubs, now there's two. That's an example of how bad it is. When we came over to London we thought "You assholes," why are you causing all this trouble, there's nothing to cause trouble about. When we got to the States, the West Coast particularly, it was worse. There were these slam dancers, and bands that were celebrating this degeneracy that was completely false. These were white middleclass kids, most of them. If they move out, daddy buys them an apartment. These were kids, rich beyond our wildest expectations. It just felt false. Now, that was a first impression. Now when we go out we take things under consideration a bit more. Since then I've begun to piece together what America is all about. Back then I only saw one tiny aspect of it. I've traveled a lot here since the band split up, epsecially the East Coast. I spent a lot of time in New York and Washington D.C. It was quite a shock to see how much injustice there is around. D.C., probably the richest city in the world, has the most poverty of any city I've seen in the Western Hemisphere.

ID: D.C. is known as the murder capitol of the United States.

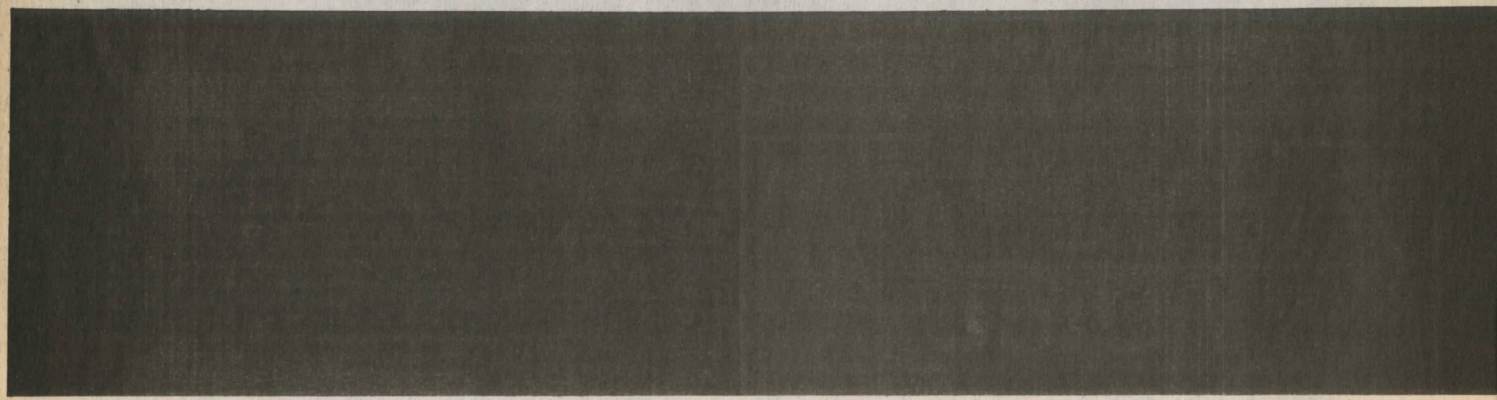
ALI: Is it that bad now? I'm probably going there after the tour is over. A friend of mine said she felt safer seeing the band New York than she did in D.C.

ID: Last year I saw an ad in a British music magazine, that stated "the last ever **Stiff Little Fingers** concert," what's the story?

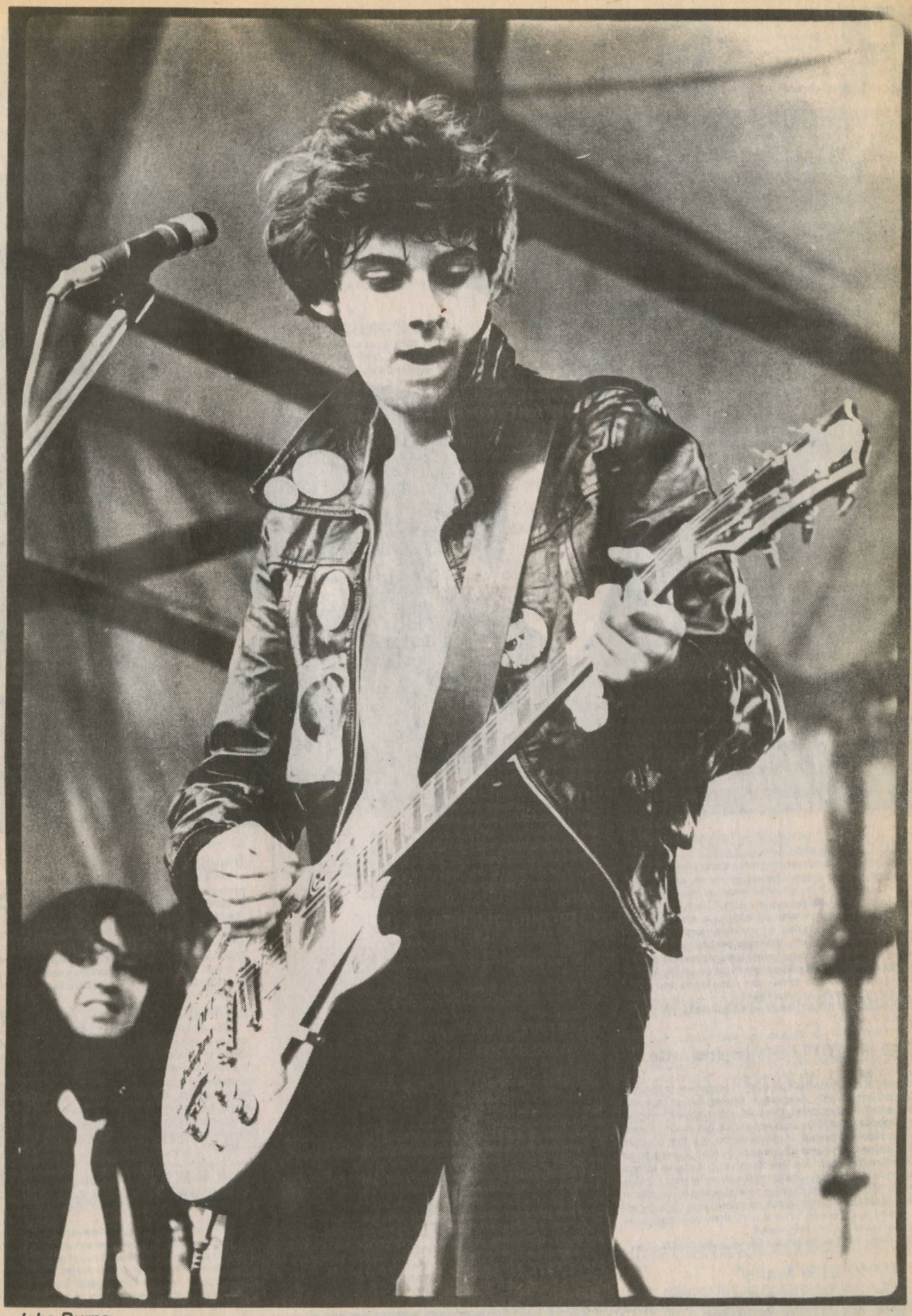
ALI: That was the last ever **Stiff Little Fingers** show in Britain, at the Brixton Academy.

ID: So, will this be like **The Who**, where you say "the last ever show until the next time you play?"

ALI: That way we sell a few tickets. We did a video from that show. It's going to be coming out on Caroline. □



STIFF LITTLE FINGERS

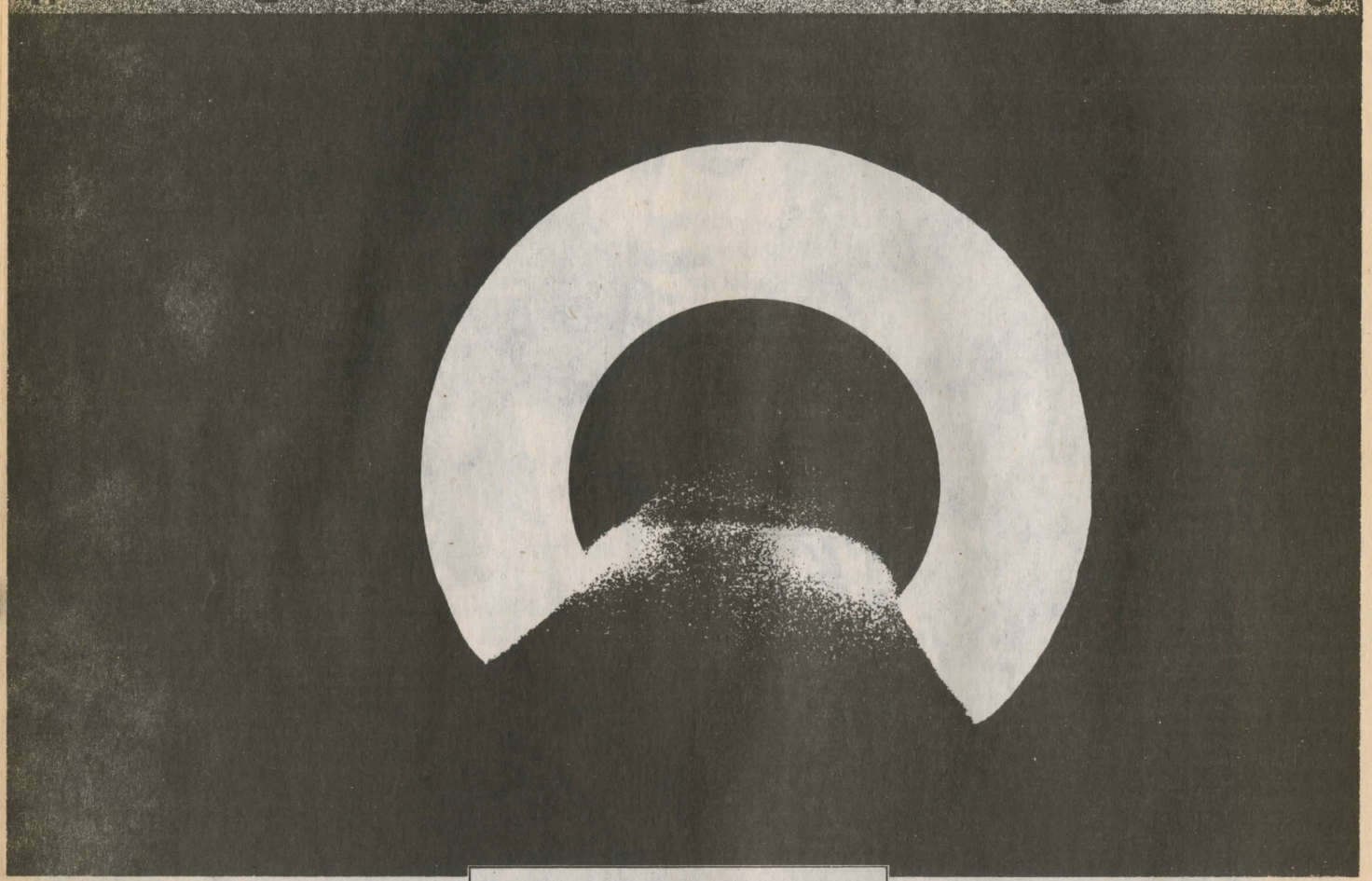


Jake Burns

*45 *Press Photo*

REVIEW

RECORDS



24-7 SPYZ-"Harder Than You"

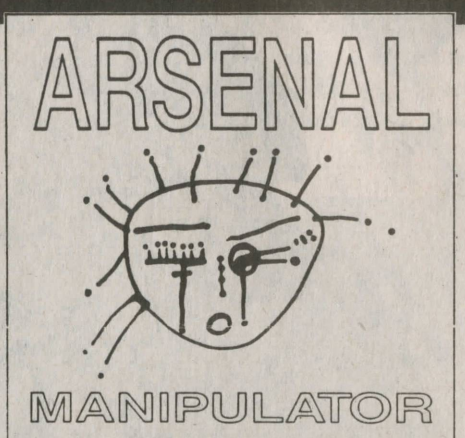
These guys play some very expressive and powerful music. Yes, comparisons to Living Colour, Fishbone, and the Bad Brains make sense. Other influences such as Hendrix and the Beastie Boys could also be made. A multitude of styles are blended, from reggae to metal, hip hop, funk, and jazz just to name a few. "Harder Than You" is certainly an impressive debut album. However, something seems to be missing and therefore they do have a ways to go before the greatness implied by their supporters. Perhaps a little more focus musically and lyrically. I would love to add some more punk ideals and music. They certainly show the musical talent.
(Relativity Records / 187-07 Henderson Ave. / Hollis, NY 11423)--Thomas

The 3-D INVISIBLES-"Vampires A-Go Go"

Now, wait a minute; what's all this? Somewhere in the hills a wolf-beast is howling? Awesome! You wash your face with nuclear waste? Neataroonie! The cool undead rule the night? Straight-upsville, Daddy-O! I do appreciate the assorted vampiric sleazettes delineated in the artwork, but the chumps providing the sounds came off like a made-for-T.V. punk band doing Halloween music. On the other hand, if you've always longed for an experience combining the sheer intensity of Kiss with the wit of Iron Maiden, if you've always ached for an album bloated with fatuous songs about monsters, and if you've always wanted a coverless 3-D's album, then why dangle in misery when you can have my copy?
(Neurotic Bop / 1316 W. Marshall / Ferndale, MI 48220)---Les

1000 HOMO DJ'S-"Apathy"

"Apathy" should be considered the anthem of the 1980s.



The message is pure. The tune is catchy. It could be done in almost any style of music and the substance wouldn't be lost. It's an electronic dirge with a heavy HEAVY repetitive beat, the vocals are eerily distorted...you get the idea that this signals the end of mankind. We're too far gone to be saved from ourselves. "Can't you see the enemy here is you...it's you..." And no matter what path we choose it doesn't matter because it's "STILL THE SAME." The killing joke.(Wax Trax Records / 2445 North Lincoln Ave. / Chicago, IL 60614)---Brian

ADRENALIN O.D.-"Theme from an Imaginary Midget Western"

The A-side on this is great--sort of a grungy surf-guitar arrangement of the Gilligan's Island theme, with loose, energetic drumming and moronic vocals articulating a remarkably foolish Tinytown narrative. The flip comprises two non-L.P. sides: a version of "Detroit Rock City" with its head not entirely up its ass, and "Coffin Cruiser," a song originating with some band called The Skulls and constituting a surf-inflected, Sabbathy kind of deal about a certain undesireable's last ride.
(Buy Our Records / P.O. Box 363 / Vauxhall, NJ 07088)---Les

AGNOSTIC FRONT-"Live At CBGB"

This album covers songs from the bands first three albums as well as their first 7 inch EP. It is an exceptional recording for a live LP. The studio quality sound on "Live at CBGB's" makes it virtually a greatest hits colletion. The songs on this album will please AF's hardcore and crossover fans alike with classics from each era. Even as Agnostic Front leans towards their HC roots, the guitar solos and metallic vocals on some of their songs can get to be too much for me. Strictly for fans.
(Relativity Records / 187-07 Henderson Ave. / Hollis, NY 11423)--Morgan

ALICE DONUT-"Bucketfulls of Sickness and Horror in an Otherwise Meaningless Life"

Like a maniacal scarecrow running amuck in a mental patient's head, Alice Donut weaves insanity with the rawness of punk to create their unique form of glam-grunge. The singer subscribes to the old school of twisted, throat wrenching vocals of early punk, which, in energy and attitude, maintains that raw connection to the dada element of punk that's lost to so many

new bands. Alice Donut has a big sound, often congested with absurd dabbles of noise, yet it retains some powerful melodies that are- - do I dare say-- catchy.
(Alternative Tentacles / P.O. Box 11484 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Ant

ALL-"Allroy For Prez..."

There are a lot of complaints about this band, but not from this corner. All the cuts (especially side one) are completely bitchin' except for a tedious instrumental opening side two. Dave Smalley is now out of the band, but it was good while it lasted (love 'Wrong Again').
(Cruz Records / P.O. Box 7756 / Long Beach, CA 90807)---Mark

ALL-"Allroy's Revenge..."

On my fist listening I wasn't too crazy about this record. It was too much pop without enough grit. After a few listenings, though, I'm really starting to get into its manic-pop style. Songs like "Man-o-steel" have a real Dickies feel, and you know that's good. The lyrics are nice and cynical, which makes songs like "She's My Ex" nice and ironic. This is an album that'll grow on you.
(Cruz Records / P.O. Box 7756 / Long Beach, CA 90807)---Flint

ERIC AMBEL-"Roscoe's Gang"

Call me intolerant, call me one-track-minded, call me anything you freakin' want, but I hate country or any semblance of it. This shit fits that mold, therefore I hate it. I suppose if you like that claptrap, you might like this solo album from the Del-Lords "vibe-master". I do not.
(Enigma Records / Culver City, CA 90231-3628)---Bag

ANGST-"Cry For Happy"

Angst play crafty pop tones, but they seem to have lost their hooks somewhere along the way. Maybe the really clean production has something to do with it. This disc just kind of drifts in a more textural and reserved sphere.
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Thomas

APOLOGY-"Pass You By"

This is a really solid disc. Six songs from this Boston band that fall under that pop punk label. the songs are melodic and have great vocals with cool sing a-long parts. The speed is there and the power is intact keeping this records out of the wimpy file, reminding me somewhat of Marginal Man. The title track is especially catchy and I found myself singing it after the initial listen. This isn't for close minded HC fanatics, but for those who know that variety is the spice of life...
(Giant Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)---Morgan

A.P.P.L.E.-"Plutocracy = Tyranny & Exploitation"

Hardcore political lyrics, hardcore acronyms and hardcore noise are what make this band hardcore. Musically well done but a bit on the predictable side. Lyrically its all PC by the book. What sets this group apart is some strong female singing--not thrash screaming but vocals. This gives their music a committed feeling.
(Vinyl Communications / P.O. Box 8623 / Chula Vista, CA 92012)--- Thomas

ARSENAL-"Manipulator"

As Al from Suburban Voice put it; Santiago must have got Roland in the divorce of Big Black. On this four unit disc, Santiago and a friend use Roland to create more of that hardcore wall of sound. Squealing feedback guitars are as prevalent as piranha and blood at feeding time in an Amazon river. Yet other sounds are as attractive and as friendly as a merry-go-round, of course these melodies are subsumed in magnetic storms. Lyrically vocal effects make this a hard read, yet Big Black followers will find much to cling to within these grooves. (Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Thomas

BILLY ATWELL-"Ferret In A China Shop..."

What happens when Billy Atwell gets tired and disillusioned with the stifling punk world and his jazzcore band the Inbred. He gets a ferret and makes an audio resume showcasing his eclectic talents. He can do Metallica like rockers but seems more at home with the peaceful jazz and classical numbers which populate a great deal of the album. Yeah, I think he could do soundtracks. And yeah, I like this record and I'll play it once in a while, yet I doubt if I'll wear out my turntale with it. However, I'm not impressed with Billy's Mozart tattoo. It doesn't look much better than a Sid skin graft. Hey, ferrets are cool animals though.
(bobok, ltd. / P.O. Box 43787 / Tucson, AZ 85733)---Thomas

BACK TO THE GRINDSTONE-Compilation

This K.O.City compilation contains ten individual male electronic music artists with a wide range of sounds from electro-disco to industrial-bizarrities. A few of the more memorable tunes were "Lust For Larvae," by the Gelatinous Citizen, and "I'm Walking," by the Industrious Fleas. This latter song is what I'd call a rap and scratch tribute to the Residents. A fairly intriguing album over all.
(K.O.City Studio / P.O. Box 255 / Dracut, MA 01826)---Ms. Print

BAD MUTHA GOOSE and the Bros. Grimm-"Jump The Funk!"

To be honest I would never have listend to this band if they did not have ex-Big Boy--Tim Kerr--playing with them. This is funk and rap all the way. It can be a little repetitive at times and there's not much punk at all here in either the music or the lyrics. There is some good Hendrix style guitar on one cut, good vocals all around from a multitude of talented singers, and most importantly a heavy get down funk beat for ya-all to dance to. Yeah, they are from Texas--they only mention this about fifty times--and they funk out.
(Jan Mirkin c/o BBA Mgt. / 1107 Music Lane / Austin, TX 78704)--- Thomas

BAD RELIGION-"Suffer"

Fuck yeah, some punk rock. I remember their classic "How Could Hell Be Any Worse," and now the second installment has arrived. This stuff burns with angry, non-conformity, caring and intelligence. It's as hot as the kid on the cover. Put it on and watch suburban tract homes go up in flames. And yeah Greg Graffin can sing those multi-syllable lyrics right along with the raging pace. There's so many words in each song the guy must not breathe the whole set. Hell, even the lyric sheet is cool. Take a close look. What do you mean, you don't have the record? You better buy it or you'll never know what you're missing.
(Epitaph Records / 6201 Sunset Blvd., Suite 311 / Hollywood, CA. 90028)---Thomas

BARK!BARK!BARK!-"A Dead Issue Compilation"

Here's an East coast compilation that lets you sample the talent from Jersey to Philly. Out of the 14 songs there's three that stand out as better than mediocre: "Destructive Engagement" from the False Prophets, "Catch the Falling Ashes" from Sinister Reflections, and "Time For A Change" from Fragrant Moth.
($10.00 ppd. to Doug Harvey / P.O. Box 1545 / Staten Island, NY 10314)---Flint

BEAT HAPPENING-"Jamboree"

Beat Happening have ruined my day. Just when I thought I had successfully exorcized the musical demon that possesses me to spend hours in such an unholy pursuit along comes this band to sink me further into depths of musical depravity. Combining the minimal sound of the Velvet Underground (hold the heroin) with poetic lyrics that are so raw and honest, that they make Henry Rollins sound like a spokesman for Pepsi. This album is as much fun as finding half eaten candy on the ground

the day after Halloween when you're eight-years old and eating it.
(Highway K Records: distributed by Rough Trade / 326 6th St. / S.F., CA 94103)---Steve

MARTIN BISI-"Creole Mass"

There's probably a philosophical element to this record that's lost to me. It is full of juxtapositions with Argentinean, American Indian, country-Western and contemporary avant-garde styles layered right over each other. On a purely aesthetic level, it works very well, even though I don't "get it." Lee Renaldo (Sonic Youth), Fred Frith and Sandra Seymore are featured on the album and bring with them their usual offbeat ingenuity. Bisi, who drums and sings on the album, adds his own quirky beats, creating music that sounds like a vast open space filled with crows, gauchos, Indians, extraterrestrial travelers and any other hallucinatory figures you want there. Bisi succeeds in blending traditional forms of music with modern studio techniques, and he successfully utilizes the talents of the accompanying musicians to produce highly original renditions of some very old tunes.
(New Alliance Records / P.O. Box 1389 / Lawndale, CA 90260)--Ant

BLACKBIRD-"Blackbird" (first album)

Chip showcases some great sonic guitar work on this record. He is always fiddling with the effect boxes. Tony plays some fantastic pumping bass lines here. The Kinman brothers also get a devastatingly powerful sound from their drum machines, which only a very few bands can do. This is not something new for them either, they used it about eight years ago with Rank and File for a short time. They provide hooks as well. The lyrical integration is so good that the harmonies becomes another layer to the music. It is amazing how the vocals on such songs as "More" and Quicksand" can be so mesmerizing. These brothers take industrial music to new heights. That's not to say I don't have complaints (like song length), but these seem much too minor to mention and more apparent in their live set.
(Iloki Records / P.O. Box 49593 / L.A., CA 900049)---Thomas

BLACK SPOT-"Burn"

Like J. Christopher's former band Riflesport, Black Spot deserve greater recognition. J. Christopher is an enigmatic personality whose singing shows vague similarities to Joe Strummer and Jello Biafra yet totally defy such an easy classification. Musically the band is very strong without sacrificing power. Songs like "Beacon from Hell" are a steam roller ride. Often swirling acid bath guitar tunes will dip into middleastern tones, then they mix it up with a bit of Devoesque noise such as on "Pretty Girl." Just the thing you need to put that sneer back on your face.
(Ruthless Records / P.O. Box 2483, Loop Station / Mpls., MN 55402)---Thomas

BLOOD CIRCUS-"Primal Rock Therapy"

This 5 song EP sounds just like its name sake. The songs stick to the roof of your mouth like peanut butter. Stolen riffs and bone crunching noise.
(Sub Pop / P.O. Box 20645 / Seattle, WA 98102)---Bag

VIC BONDI-"The Ghost Dances"

Vic Bondi always infused Articles of Faith's intense punk with passion. On his own Bondi uses acoustic and electric guitars to back his great raspy vocals and poetic lyrics. He sings of the stark reality in personal relationships while painting somber yet vivid pictures of life past, present and future. A lot of images are of the American frontier with songs like "Abilene Sunset", and "Montana." "Don't Turn Away" reminds me of one of my Favorite Articles of Faith songs "Everyman For Himself." As intense as as can be.
(Giant Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)---Thomas

THE BROOD-"In Spite of It All"

Basement-band punk meets quasi-psychedelic, mid-60s garage rock. This all female band really strives for that sixties feel, and they do a pretty good job of it (especially with the keyboards). The jacket concept is perfect sixties, down to the "hi-fi" on the cover. As far as the music goes, the singer sounds like Leonard of the Dickies, and, in fact, most of the songs on this album sound like it could be the Dickies. Hey, that's no insult! They definitely have that un-over-produced sound, and even though this genre of music is not for me, I respect them.
(Get Hip Records / 509 First St. / Canonsburg, PA 15317)---Bag

BURNING SPEAR-"Live In Paris: Zenith '88"

Go ahead and lively up yourself. Burning Spear will do it to you playing some crucial reggae on this great sounding live double album. Of course they have the rock solid rhythm section with the all important big bad pulsating bass sound, provided by Devon Bradshaw. Burning Spear also have a righteous horn section that adds a dramatic and suspenseful feel to the heavy stirring reggae played here. Coming from "Jamaica's hotbed of reggae action," St. Ann's Parish, Winston Rodney has been a leading reggae front man for twenty years. Rodney provides Burning Spear's burning message of love, unity, rebellion and Jah. Yes, L.A.'s Slash magazine always promoted the vital sounds of reggae along with best of punk rock and as a record label they do no less.
(Slash Records / P.O. Box 48888 / Los Angeles, CA 90048)---Thomas

THE CASSANDRA COMPLEX-"Satan,

Bugs Bunney & Me"

I first picked up this album, because I saw it had a song aobut 'enny Century, from "Love & Rockets" comix (one of my avorites). Boy do I feel like a sucker. I was figuring that I'd get ome gloomy rock. At least it would be rock. Nope, nope, ope. I got synth powered English dance music. These guys ven list computers as instruments. If that's not bad enough, hey have one song that's 10 minutes long. The final blow: ynth drums. Get it away from me.
(Wax Trax Records / 1659 N. Damen Ave. / Chicago, IL 60647)--Flint

CHEMICAL PEOPLE-"So Sexist!"

You naysayers, new Puritans, cryers of "sexist"...you obviously haven't seen what covergirl Jeanna Fine can do with a man's shillelagh. Chemical People have. I have too...PHEW. And as Jeanna be looking good gracing the record jacket, Chemical People be sounding pretty righteously alright in the grooves. This is the South Bay sourd that some of us have grown rather fond of over the years. The Descendents are gone now, but I see that Chemical People have picked up the staff of power punk and are stroking it, pounding it, and have even enlisted the comedic talents of the Big Tesco Vee, in order to relinquish some of that "lovely coconut oil".
(Cruz Records / P.O. Box 7756 / Long Beach, CA 90807)---Brian

CHEMICAL PEOPLE-"Ten-Fold Hate"

Dwelling on one subject in an effort to be interesting or offensive gets boring. That's the first thing that irritates me about these "hornier-than-thou" lads. You'd think they're the only strokers around who dream of a sex-laden life. Like we want to hear album after album about their taboo desires. Oh yeah, I bet when the girls hear these songs they just come a-runnin'. "Fornicate with ME!" "Here's MY cherry!" "You men with your dirty talk, ooch ooch!" "Be gentle with me." Right.
(Cruz Records / P.O. Box 7756 / Long Beach, CA 90807)---Brian

CHICKEN SCRATCH-"Pass the Porcupine"

It's amazing how many bands borrow from The Minutemen. Chicken Scratch must have a pile of overdue notices. It's like hearing Minutemen covers with a different bridge thrown in here and there: all that syncopated motion, speedy guitar strumming, cymbal-ringing over arpeggiated chords on the heels of distorted b-string bends, spanish riffs, even the singer... hell, it's dangerous sounding too much like another band; it encourages listeners to bag the current soundwaves and dig out the original, instead. Where is that Minutemen tape anyway? I wondered. Actually, unlike all of side one, side two has a sound of its own. In any case, I like this album. One tune which caresses my cochlea whispers harmonies from a field of metallic crickets-- something about a crawling moon and dead fish lying on the sea shore. Then the pace quickens with an acid rain tune and everything sort of stays in higher gear thereafter, each tune sounding more and more like... but, of course, that's if you play side two first. You can pick up the needle every other minute and play the 14 songs in any order you like--it's up to you; all variations should add up to the worthwile time I spent spinning this disc around.
(Comm 3 / 416 E. 13th St., #12 / N.Y., NY 10009)---chris

CICCONE YOUTH-"The Whitey Album"

In 1986, with the aid of Firehose's Mike Watt and Black Flag's Greg Ginn, Sonic Youth recorded "Burnin' Up" and "Into the Groove" (titled "Into the Groovy"). The project was released as a 7" 45 under the name Ciccone Youth (Madonna's maiden name) and was generally considered a novelty record by most serious fans.

Several years ago, SY spread a rumor that they would release a record of covers from the Beatle's White Album. Although their posthumous version of the White Album never materialized, a hybrid of that half-baked idea and their obsession with Madonna mingled to create the "Whitey Album."

The "Whitey 'Album" is a self referential title, alluding to the past White Album rumor, but also to the combination of contemporary black music with SY's own "Whitey" alternative sound. "Making the Nature Seen," for example, was originally released on SY's early record, "Confusion is Sex," but is redone in a rap version for this album. The record's title is also a reference to the many spoofs of pop songs done for this l.p. "Addicted to Love," written by Robert Palmer, has bassist Kim Gordon singing over the original recording, adding phrases like "oblivion is all you crave."

Despite the Whitey Album's satire, there is a serious side which reflects SY's versatility. Under the rubric of Ciccone Youth, SY use it as an avenue to express their "soft" side, which is in contrast to their usual abrasiveness. This is best exemplified by "G-force" and "Platoon 11," both ambient pieces incorporating spoken word with dreamy, industrial music. This aspect of Sonic Youth reflects a lightheartedness and a sense that they don't take themselves too seriously. For devoted fans of SY, the Whitey Album serves as further insight into their brilliance. For the unaffected, they will find the playfulness of this record an excellent reconceptualization of pop music.
(Blast First / 11264 Playa Court / Culver City, CA 90231)---Ant

THE CLEAN-"Fish for tea last night Compilation"

Previously released by Au Go Go in Australia, Compilation is a collection of songs by this important New Zealand band. Compiled from an assortment of e.p.'s, 7" singles and tapes, this album serves as an introduction to the Clean's portfolio of original works, performed between 1978 and 1982. The styles vary from haunting instrumentals to catchy Sixties-style pop tunes. The Clean's garage roots remain intact through the poor quality of production of most of the recordings. However, despite the weak production, the instrumentals stand out as highly original post-punk compositions, although they were written before "post- punk" was a widespread concept. As a compilation, it is natural that the styles vary, but it is still a weakness for me, because the catchier pop tunes barely stand up to their grungier counter parts on the album.
(Homestead / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)--Ant

CLOCKDVA-"The Hacker"

Open the pod bay door, HAL. HAL...
(Wax Trax Records / 2445 N. Lincoln Ave. / Chicago, IL 60614)--Brian

The COACHMEN-"Failure To Thrive"

This record is a very important historical artifact. The Coachmen featured Thurston Moore and his guitar warblings, which on this disc only give a glimpse of the future aural dissonance. In the late 70's the Coachmen played small shows and parties around the New York City area. Lee Renaldo was often in attendance at these shows and met Thurston. At the second to last gig they played Kim also met Thurston. Thus, Sonic Youth was born.

Most of the Coachmen's material is light weight and unoffensive new wave music influenced by bands like the Velvet Underground and others. The singing is mostly monotone. The effect is pleasant and worth a listen, but this is proably of most value to Sonic Youth devotees.
(New Alliance Records / P.O. Box 1389 / Lawndale, CA 90260)--Thomas

CONTROLLED BLEEDING-"Songs From the Grinding Wall"

Songs just like the industrial music that Albini's Big Black would play if they could drug their drum machine and stick a broom stick up their asses. Fuck anal retentive English glamfag singing!
(Wax Trax Records / 2445 N. Lincoln Ave. / Chicago, IL 60614)--Bag

CHRONIC DISORDER-"The Drums of War"

I can't really say these guys <u>are</u> hardcore [I am getting sick of that word] but I guess they have hardcore attitudes. They sound like a hard version of Simple Minds (not bad), and they are excellent musicians (very tight). The album is too produced for my tastes; they would be much better live, where they could really let go, and then I'm sure that they would tear the freakin' place down. No offense to what the guys wanted to convey with the production, but there should be less of it. When songs are too produced, you never get the true feel for the song. Songs should be closer to what they are live; the way music should be experienced.
(Chameleon Music Group / 3355 W. El Segundo Blvd. / Hawthorne, CA 90250)---Bag

CRIMONY-"The Crimony EP"

"Ladies and gentlemen, for your listening pleasure, the SST Lounge proudly presents the sounds of Crimony. A very, shall we say, mature combo of musicians guaranteed to satiate the jazzy ragtime introspective musical needs of even the most cynical peoples. Mr. Michael Watt on bass...Mr. Paul Roessler on piano and vocals. Let's welcome them with a warm round of applause... Crimony!"
(New Alliance/PO Box 1389/Lawndale, CA 90260)---Sterling Silver

CRO-MAGS-"Best Wishes"

The comparisons to Megadeath and Metallica do exist, but aren't really applicable, in as much as any band can be compared to another in its genre. It's the Jungian Archetypes that apply in this case. The four modal states of being are clearly relevant. If one could look into the very reaches of the cosmos...no, the spirit, then one could easily understand the Platonic Trilogy. In other words, these guys stomp.
(Profile Records / 740 Broadway / New York, NY 10003)---Bag

THE CROWD-"Big Fish Stories"

You pass! This record gets the most important stamp of approval. That is it passed the "Do I want to play this record more than once" test. The tunes are hard edged pop, with good song writing and some extemely catchy lyrical and musical hooks. I don't think it matches their classic debut album, one of those punk records that never got as much recognition as it should have but "Big Fish Stories" has enough variety, like the pseudo Carribean sound of "Guyana", shifts in pace, and personality to keep me spinning this disc from time to time. A couple tunes such as "Mr. Mr." show a very polished accessible side, while "Under the Rug" peels out a little more. They even do an excellent version of Joy Division's "Transmission." Obviously, highly recommended.
(Flipside Records / P.O. Box 363 / Whittier, CA 90608)---Thomas

DAS DAMEN-"Marshmellow Conspiracy"

Even the presence of ex-MC5 guitarist Wayne Kramer can't make me like this one. Boring hard-rock, tedious feedback jams, a little funk, a passable Beatles cover and an overall style rivalling the Grateful Dead in its fearsome intensity. SST should put its bands out on bubblegum cards instead of albums-they're smaller and easy to keep track of, and they make a really intense hissing sound when played on yer stereo.
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Mark

DARK ANGEL-"Leave Scars"

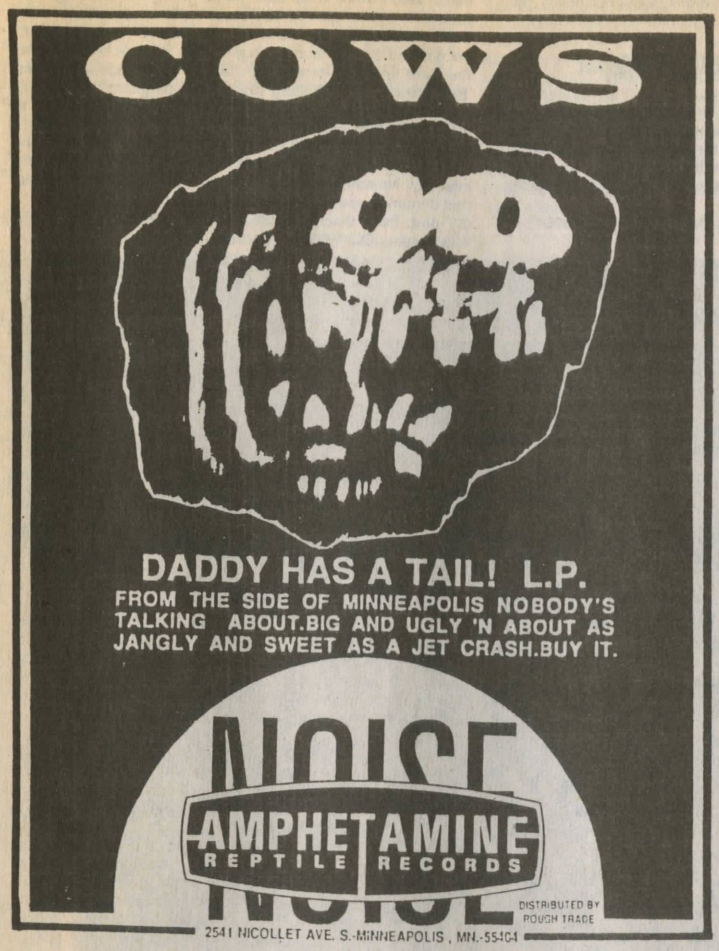
There's maybe two major things wrong with this album. The first is the guitar sound, which is muddy. Normally I wouldn't bitch too much about the guitar sound but in this case the second of the two major things, makes the sound worse. That is Dark Angel's songs which are very, very fast, which is normally okay, but Dark Angel plays sloppy and the riffs are unintelligible. "Reign In Blood" by Slayer is, in mine and many people's opinions the best thrash album ever made. It's extremely fast too, but Slayer possesses the ability to play blinding fast riffs crystal clear. Dark Angel is criticized enough for their speed and seem to have declared themselves martyrs of the very fast thrash/speed/death/metal bands. "Too fast, my ass!" it says on their tour shirts. Yeah great, play fast. Fine, but don't play sloppy. Anyway the best thing about the L.P. is the incredible playing of drummer Gene Hoglan. An overpowering prescence who's vicious drumming keeps the intensity high on this album at all times. Even when guitarists Eric Meyer, and Jim Durkin seem to stray a bit. I can't even hear the bass in the mix (probably because Dark Angel tune so low that even the guitars sound like basses.) The addition of singer Ron Rinehart give Dark Angel the strong, harsh vocals it needed. As for the lyrics well get out your dictionaries, it looks like Gene Hoglan's been doing his homework, and no word over four syllables is safe. hoglan, who wrote almost all the lyrics, fills these songs with big scary looking words like "recrimination," and "excruciation," "misogynists," and "malefaction." Yeah, they look intelligent but the stories are your basic death metal fare, nightmares, agony, child molestation, the apocalypse. This album is not for everyone, but if you like fast, crunchy, senseless noise you'll like this. The best songs are the ones Dark Angel slows down on. A lot of people won't agree with me, but I think Dark Angel are at their best and their heaviest when they're playing mid-tempo, slow, pounding parts like in "No One Answers," "Never To Rise Again," and the "Promise of Agony." Oh yeah, there's also a really long boring instrumental that shouldn't even be on here. Oh well, I'm sorry guys, I really tried to like this.
(Combat)---Robert Rangel

THE DEAD MILKMEN-"Beelzebubba"

I figure The Dead Milkmen are probably as funny as Camper Van Beethoven would be on a bigger budget. After all, you can count on the fingers of the population of Philadelphia the number of chucklesome college-oriented bands whose satirical power remains inversely proportionate to the energy they expend in, say, watching T.V., reading blurbs off the back of Jim Thompson novels, and checking out other bands who aren't very good either. It's true that certain scraps of this particular configuration of facile, anarchic-style, pseudo-anti-intellectual, eclectic-type rock music product (for instance, the infinitesimally- entertaining "Life is Shit") could have been worse for their smugness, but the question that immediately impinges upon my consciousness is, where the fuck's that Bill Nelson record?
(Enigma Records / Culver City, CA 90231-3628)---Les

DEATH OF SAMANTHA-"Where the women wear the glory and the men wear the pants"

Outwardly, knowingly, and proudly a product of American pop culture and punk rock, these "hommes" watched a bit too much TV while their respective gray matters were taking shape. What we have now is a band consisting of four gaudily dressed, blank looking musicians led by the popular actor/singer/drummer Randy Quaid, who, when drumming for D.O.S., uses the pseudonym "Steve- O". I haven't heard their earlier releases, but I will say that this new one sounds quite alright. The excellent opening track, "Harlequin Tragedy," deals with Randy's acute fixation with romance novels. To be sure, these gentlemen are romantics, and the rest the album proceeds nicely along similar veins, not unlike middle-period Damned, with at least one noisey interlude that reminds one of The Who. The cover has been nicely put together and is almost a work of art in itself. Good.
(Homestead/Dutch East India/POB 800/Rockville Center, NY



11571-0800)---Brian

DEATH RIDE '69-"Elvis Christ, the L.P."

Step right up and take a cruise with Death Ride '69 through the smog covered urban jungle of L.A. on one of those massive concrete hunks we know as freeways. Yes, freedom is a freeway and a Pepsi, new improved laundry detergent and fast food--a cruise firmly rooted in rock n' roll yet with a psychedelic tribal sound bubbling up through the cracks in the sidewalk like the primordial gases burping out of the Le Brea tar pits or those multi colored pools of Yellowstone park. See the "State of Decay" or "Crash and Burn." No matter which way you turn, you're on highway D.R. 69.
(Flipside Records / P.O. Box 363 / Whittier, CA 90608)---Thomas

DIE KREUZEN-"Gone Away"

Die Kreuzen are somehow becoming smoother and more inacessible at the same time. The first side includes two studio tracks and the second side has five high quality live selections. The material is complex atmopheric post-punk with an 80's metallic blues quality that harkens back to Led Zeppelin and Aerosmith among others. They have beautiful guitar strains and storming feedback. The moodiness is still there, but the hesitant punk hitch--hiccough pace has been flattened out to accomodate it. Yet the images of windswept leaves blowing through desolate small towns or country landscapes are as strong as ever (this band would be great at writing soundtracks). Die Kreuzen have forsaken their hardcore past, refusing to play any of the old songs live, and have been too innovative and unique so far to become really popular with a new audience. When people have the patience to watch moss grow, they'll have the patience to watch Die Kreuzen develop.
(Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Thomas

DINOSAUR JR.-"Bug"

I guess this is the 80's folk pop sound. Bands such as REM, Husker Du, and the Meat Puppets are brought to mind. Distortion galore hides some accessible music. The vocals are a little weak and mellow, relying on the mood intensity produced by the high pitched nasal wailer rather than clear barking. I can see why this band is a critical success, but sonic guitar meanderings and whining vocals don't really excite me. However, don't let my bias stop you from checking it out.
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Thomas

DON'T LET THE FRUIT ROT ON THE TREE-An Alternative Edmonton Compilation

There's really only two good songs on this compilation. Foes of Respiration does "Take Another Dream" which despite a little overuse of the flanger is kind of rockin'. Cadillac of Worms must watch a bit too many horror movies. Their cut "Night of the Living Dead" certainly has the bloody traces of the Misfits and Damned. The rest of the material has some serious problems. Big Inc. typifies the wimpy sound here. These guys belong in an Ohio garage in 1963. Rex Morgan B.C. are the kings of throw-away novelty songs. T.V. influences can't save these groups. But I do dig the cool watermelon colored vinyl.
(9-B South Records / c/o 15112 - 116A Avenue / Edmonton, Alberta T5M 3W8 CANADA)---Thomas

DR. KNOW-"Wreckage In Flesh"

This is typical metal, slightly better than average, which sounds like one really "heavy" song over two sides. A straight- forward cover of Sabbath's "Into the Void" pretty much sums it up. By far the best song is the hilarious unlisted country ditty at the end of side two. At least they have a sense of humor.
(Death / 18653 Ventura Blvd., Suite 311 / Tarzana, CA 91356)--- Mark

D.T. and the SHAKES-"Hits"

Power pop reminiscent of late '70s bands like 20/20 or the Plimsouls...or '80s bands like the Replacements...yeah, that's it, the Replacements. At times bordering on too "nice", these guys still manage to set forth a really good record that I know I'll never listen to again. The reason I say that is, well, somehow this music just seems to lack a spine. I'd listen to the other bands before I'd pick out this one.
(3208 17th St. NW / Washington, DC 20010)---Brian

DWARVES-"Toolin' For a Warm Teabag"

For pure insane raucous loud shock value, there is no better band than the Dwarves. They are the band you want to play at your worst enemy's house party. The singer is the last person you want to see your little sister talking to. If I saw him talking to my sister, I'd kick his fucking head in. I'd maim the guitar player, too...but he's in such a cool band I could never do it. These guys are so pumped up with PUNK ROCK you're not going to know whether to scheiss or go blind. I shat.
($7 ppd. 4099 17th St. / S.F., CA 94114)---Brian

ELECTRIC PEACE-"Insecticide"

This sounds like Deep Purple circa "Machine Head". The organist sounds exactly like Jon Lord, and I suppose if there were any justice he'd be winning Circus polls no problem. However as the lyrics are nothing much either, I'm afraid I can't waste any more of my valuable time listening to this. They should go on tour with God's Acre and call it the "Electric God" tour.
(Barred Records / 2153 1/2 N. Highland Ave. / Hollywood, CA 90068)---Mark

EVERYDAY IS A HOLLY DAY-comp

It's amazing that so many people still get crazed over Buddy Holly. I love his music too, but if he hadn't tragically died would he have done cheesy TV movies like Elvis and started wearing sequined jump suits? I mean, Don McClean became famous building his career around one song which deified the man. Well, lucky for us Holly recorded plenty of material that is still available. If that doesn't satisfy your desire for more, this record has sixteen of his covers and one original dedicated to Holly. Of course the quality varies, with nothing matching the original versions, but most are done well adding a little of the band's own styles. You get people like Chris Bailey, Chris Spedding, and bands like LMNOP, the Slickee Boys, OFB, and The Country Rockers reeling off Buddy's hits with the notable absence of "That'll Be the Day."
(Roadrunner / 225 Lafayette Street, Suite 709 / New York, NY 10012)---Thomas

EVILDEAD-"Rise Above"

At home with bands such as Dark Angel and the Possessed, Evildead are a five piece West coast based band. The typical cop out on my part applies here to their four song 12 inch--they're good at what they do so if you like the style go for it. But they have a few other plusses going for them as well. The singer, Phil, has gruff "punk" leaning vocals that sometimes remind me of Dez (not Henry) as on their version of "Rise Above." Besides this Black Flag classic they do a .59 second Suicidal riff. They're not afraid to slow things down a little or speed 'em up either. The solos are a bit more expressive than your average speedmetal band, but way less manic than Greg Ginn. This is a good introduction to the the Evildead sound.
(Road Racer / Lafayette St., Suite 709 / New York, NY 10012)--- Thomas

THE EX-"Aural Guerrilla"

Great stuff! Political and social lyrics. Yeah they're Dutch, but have the edge of all the great British Crass bands. Their music although some what like Crass has more of a raw industrial feel to it. Don't miss out on the great posters either, a must for any old Crass fan.
(Alternative Tentacles / P.O. Box 11484 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Ms. Print

EXCEL-"The Joke's On You"

Excellent! On their second L.P. Excel display a maturity and an honesty that most bands lack. I can't really call these guys punk, or hardcore. There are aspects of the band that sound like thrash, some stuff that sounds like old punk, some riffs that sound like classic metal (Priest, Sabbath, Zep). These guys pretty much have it all, but they keep it very original.

There are so many great bands coming out of Southern California. The Venice (CA) scene seems to produce great, original sounding bands who aren't willing to follow trends, opting instead to play their own style, and not be labeled crossover, or thrash, or whatever. Excel is a perfect example, and "The Jokes On You" shows off their music writing talents. Songs like "Shadow Winds" and "Tapping Into The Emotional Void" are classic tracks. They don't settle for basic boring riffs, they fill their songs with melody and tempo changes, always keeping it interesting. The lyrics are top notch too. Nothing cliched here. Intelligent stories and ideas. Excel Stands out in a place like Los Angeles, which is filled with guns and Roses clones, they are a band to pay attention to. This L.P. should do great things for them. I hope it gets them the recognition they deserve.
(Caroline Records / 5 Crosby St. / New York, NY 10013)-Bob Rangel

EXTREME-"Extreme"

Mostly generic/run-of-the-mill rock/metal. Suitable for airplay, if you know what I mean.
(A&M Records / P.O. Box 118 / Hollywood, CA 90078)---Bag

FALLING STAIRS-"That and a Quarter"

Clean-cut American sound. Simple and folksy. Images of sitting in the town park of a midwestern village. Good kids running around with matches in their hands. Someone is going to burn this place down. But it's not this band. Despite the sincerity of their effort, it's hard to get excited about this album. It's mostly a rehash of a generic American sound that has become so mushy, it's sickening. So much for the complacent rocker.
(Get Out 'A Town Records / P.O. Box 4186 / Bay Terrace, NY 11360)--Ant

FEARLESS IRANIANS FROM HELL-"Holy War"

What we have here is mediocre metal-punk music (heavy on the metal) and witless lyrics (except "Iranian Hash"). To hell it may return.
(Boner Records / P.O. Box 2081 / Berkeley, CA 94702)---Mark

fIREHOSE-"fromohio"

Does this album signal the death of Ed fromohio and the birth of Ed Crawford. I guess that joke had gone far enough. Yet, they had to put it out of its misery by recording this album in Ohio and naming the finished product "fromohio." Some have said Ed has become too much of a focal point of the group. That may be, but this is still a good record, despite a few problems. One is "fromohio's" lack of urgency compared to firehose's earlier recordings. All the bad connotations of calling this band college radio darlings are more applicable now than ever. On the brighter side, Watt's spieling is still intact (yet often becoming more and more like inside jokes). Here his lyrics incorporate such strange off the wall images as basketball on the tune "What Gets Heard." Kira (Watt's wife) and co-writer Miss Kelly Thornton collaborate with the rest of the Hosers

on "Liberty For Our Friend" one of the albums highest points which alone makes purchase of this disc justifiable. The biggest problem I have with their third release is its more reserved nature, which is nice as a change of pace but not as a way of life. I'd like to put these complaints in perspective by noting that Firehose are much admired and respected by me and therefore get the once over twice as critically as other bands. So don't fear, "fromohio" is another vinyl slab to gobble up.
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Thomas

FLOUR-"Flour"

Again a former member of Riflesport is let loose. This one man barrage of noise also happend to be a member of Breaking Circus. Steve Albini produces here and brings out Mr. Flour's elemental sounds such as those found in the tunes of Big Black, Butthole Surfers and Blackbird. That's partly due to the use of a drum machine as well as a drummer. Even some softer Beatle- esque meanderings and a Ramones-ish type tune can be heard here. Some of the material is real fascinating and other parts are alternately boring. I find it quite pleasant as grainy background music, but as a whole the tracks are too uneven for heavy listening. Songs like "Coffee" and "One by One" make this L.P. worth while and show the potential of Flour.
(Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Thomas

THE FROGS-"It's Only Right and Natural"

Frogs: Founding Revolutionaries of Gay Supremacy. That's what it says. You've got to believe it. Composed by two brothers, Jimmy and Dennis Fleming, these songs are reminiscent of a flamboyant-gay cabaret, secretly performed in some old bar at four in the morning to a crowd of prostitutes and circus performers. Add to it an early Bowie-acoustic-alien sound, and you have the Frogs. It's all unamplified, but they utilize technology through the implementation of tapes, backward tracking and other experimental methods. There is something very eccentric and unique about their sound, somewhere in league with Half- Japanese, which challenges the listener to reconsider some old notions about rock music (if you want to call it that).
(Homestead Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571- 0800)---Ant

FRONT LINE ASSEMBLY-"Digital Tension Dementia"

Okay, I'm wise to what's going on here. Wax Trax records is secretly the brain child of a single man with a computer and a midi set-up. He produces all of the Wax Trax records in his garage and that's why all the "bands" on his label sound the exact, fucking same. Christ on a stick! I'll listen to Pirate Radio before I listen to this crap again.
(Wax Trax Records / 1659 Damen Ave. / Chicago, IL 60647)---Bag

Fugazi at the Anti Club Photo by Thomas

FUGAZI-"Fugazi"

Forceful, committed, intelligent are just a few of the words to describe this troop. Unlike Boyscouts, these are not mere trite words to be blindly recited at pancake breakfasts in the woods. No, sir. Fugazi embody punk rock ideals and spirit in their music which skirts areas such as funk to get a raw edge exposed. If you're still not convinced try the word SEETHING. Yeah, that is good description of the feelings eminating from the grooves on this record. Guy's lyrics, such as on "Give Me The Cure" are vivid, extreme and tactile. Ian's lyrics such as on "Bad Mouth" and "Waiting Room" are poignant, farsighted, universal and most of all inspiring. Brendan and Joe provide a more than solid soulful structural backing for the dual and alternating vocals of Guy & Ian. Then Ian floats a layer of distortion heavy guitar over it all. Even the long pauses boil over with intensity. No way is this an easy listen, but Fugazi makes music that demands your attention and draws you in.
($5 ppd. from Dischord Records / 3819 Beecher St. NW / Washington, DC 20007)---Thomas

FUGAZI-"Margin Walker"

"Margin Walker" is an even better e.p. than Fugazi's first effort. The band with a name like an Italian motorbike are still unafraid to stylistically venture out yet lose none of their distinctive sound. More importantly their varied arrangements of surging rock 'n' roll, tough funk, and atmospheric post punk are nicely jelling. Songs like the title track and "Promises" burn with passion. Lyrically they're as right on as ever. With no hesitation--support the underground--support Fugazi.
($5 ppd. from Dischord Records / 3819 Beecher St. NW / Washington, DC 20007)---Thomas

GALAXIE 500-"TODAY"

For those mellow times, these guys and gal have the ethereal feel that sets one floating in a psychedelic acoustic type reality. However, their commerical edge just might send them straight for MTV charts.
(Aurora Records / P.O. BOX 2596 / Jamaica Plain, MA 02130)--- Ms. Print

GANG GREEN-"I 8 1 B 4 U"

Gang Green can really smash it up and rock out with the best of them. The Circle Jerks metal direction with a bit more 70's influence is an indication of where Gang Green are at these days. However, instead of a front man with brains and guts,

these wussies prefer to use their talent to wallow in their Budweisers and party 'til they drop. This wouldn't be a big deal except that they make such a point of it. Appropriately the shitheads have a warning sticker on the record jacket about drugs. I guess alcohol is an exception. I never liked parties anyway. Disconnect your brain and rock out, the all American way to play. Party 'till you puke, punkers. Another side of life for those who are tired of using their imagination and just want to go with the flow and wallow in the stagnant waters.
(Roadracer Records / 225 Lafayette Street, Suite 709 / New York, NY 10012)---Thomas

GANG GREEN-"I 8 1 B 4 U"

U may have eaten 1 B 4 me, but I'll B eating them even after U R dead, because your liver is deteriorating more N more rapidly. C, U drink so much Budweiser that the alcohol is eating your liver away. It is called cirrhosis. Can U say cirrhosis? U may B hard-rockin', thrashin' skate dudes, but I M temperate slow-living nerd-type. Also, Y does this album have A little rectangle with N anti-drugs message, yet there R also Budweiser cans pasted all over it? U R trying to confuse the "youth of today", aren't U? Listen, U may confuse them, but my motto is still "live slow, die old".
(See above.)---Brian

GAYE BYKERS ON ACID-"G.B.O.A. Stewed to the Gills"

Gaye Bikers On Acid are an infusion of pure rock and God-knows-what [but that's good]. They cannot be placed into some "typical" category [But that's good]. Their no-nonsense approach toward rock is refreshing, yet they are still creative enough to have their own sound [But that's good]. This album will rock your bunghole. Long may they ride.
(Caroline Records / 114 West 26th Street / New York, NY 10016)--- Bag

GIRL TROUBLE-"Hit It or Quit It"

These NordWest sumperwumps lumber up a heaping helping of Puget swamp gas. And they're not interested in snapping your ribcage or anything like that, which means they're A.O.K. in our book. We've always been a peace-loving bunch, you know. This is great stuff.
(Highway K/SubPop/PO Box 20645/Seattle, WA 98102)---Brian & Thomas

GREATER THAN ONE-"London"

Greater Than One make an electro music mix. With great collage cover art, this double record set contains quite a few danceable tunes. They mix a wide range of beats from classical to pop with various vocals. It's Post Modern music for the times. "Now Is The Time," a song rooted from the Martin Luther King quote, features his voice, as well as operatic screams and choral chants. A band proverb which caught my eye went: "Art = Reality," "Reality = Bread And Butter," and, thus "Art = Bread And Butter."
(Wax Trax Records / 2445 N. Lincoln Ave. / Chicago, IL 60614)--- Ms. Print

RUDOLPH GREY-"Transfixed"

Rudolph is grey, his album sounded that way. The ghost screeching sounds of sax, guitar and other instruments form a jazz quality along with the otherwise undistinguishable noise hell. He creates a wall of sound, but nowhere as intense as the Swans. No vocals accompany this hell.
(New Allinace Records / P.O. Box 1398 / Lawndale, CA 90260)--- Ms. Print

SCOTT GRIMES-"Scott Grimes"

This music. It is crap. But don't misunderstand me, please. I really do think it's wonderful that they're exploiting this little pinhead. He makes me feel ashamed to be a part of the human race. Just how much money did A & M waste on this little kid? At least Jimmy Osmond had a soul. And Tony DeFranco had at least one good song. But there is absolutely nothing redeeming about this swill. This is the geek's first album and he already has a fan club. How sweet.
(A&M Records / P.O. Box 118 / Hollywood, CA 90078)---Brian

The Honeymoon Killers at Raji's. Photo by Thomas

GREGORY'S FUNHOUSE-"Obey"

Suffice it to say: Lurch sings for the Ramones, and it's not pretty.
(Big Chief Records / 285 West Broadway, Suite 300 / N.Y.C, NY 10013)---Flint

GRISLY FICTION-"Scrape Face"

Not bad, not good. Some good riffs, some overall good sounds, but nothing to write home about. There doesn't seem to be a committed effort to style or substance. Better luck next time, guys.
(Comm 3 / 416 East 13th St., #12 / New York, NY 10009)---Bag

HALO OF FLIES-"Head Burn"

There's something here that you can't help but like. The music gets real raunchy and noisy as it chaotically swings from metal tinged Black Flag-like regions to psycho acid burn areas. Other noise mongers of comparability include Scratch Acid and the U-men although Halo of Flies is a bit more song oriented than those bands. One cut even contains a more straight ahead type Black Flag "Nervous Breakdown" sounding part. For the most part I think this would appeal to later period Black Flag fans who are wandering in a daze without a group to follow.
(Twin/Tone Records / 2541 Nicollet Av. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Thomas

ED HALL-"Albert"

This trio of guys from Austin, TX, have experimented a little

too often with exotic substances, me thinks. They are good musicians, but their style is a little too avant-garde. There is a haunting tune that i've listened to a dozen times now ("Ball Dirt Cookie"); if more of their songs...well, you know. I think those that like them have a great band on their hands. I hear they're great live.
(Boner Records / P.O. Box 2081 / Berkeley, CA 94702)---Bag

HAPPY HATE ME NOTS-"Out"

From all the press I've read about these guys, you'd think they are "the most improved" band around. Well, I wouldn't know about that, but I do know what I like. I like this band. In case you don't know the HHMNs, they hail from Sydney, Aus. They probably do represent the last of the garage bands in the tradition of MC5, et al. They have the energy of SLF and have a lot of pop appeal. I need their other albums to add to my paltry collection of good music. Buy or fry.
(Rough Trade / 326 Sixth Street / San Francisco, CA 94103)---Bag

HARD-ONS-"Dick Cheese"

These guys have a ferocious Ramones guitar attack from down under. It is just straight ahead playing with a little metal edge. Too bad they can't think with anything but their dicks and their pea brains. I'm not tired of hearing the concerns of adolescents, just adolescent concerns. Songs like "Fuck Society," "Oozing for Pleasure," and "Yuppies Suck" don't even make it on the joke level. I guess if you're a lunkhead you'll dig it. If not, ignore the lyrics.
(Taang Records / P.O. Box 51 / Auburndale, MA 02166)---Thomas

GRANT HART-"2541"

Grant Hart seems to have missed out as a press darling after the split of Husker Du. Hell, this is the least hyped SST records we've ever received. Yet, as a one man band Hart plays soulful ballads and 60's rock which are plesant enough, so that you'd expect them to garner rave reviews. The title track "2541" of this three song 12" is reflective and longing while the other tunes are more aggressive. "Let Go" is done in a story rap fashion and talks about suicide. This track features a bit of the pounding drums Grant was known for in Husker Du. Unfortunately "2541" falls in the twilight zone category of neither being a repulsive or shining musical example and therefore will likely fade into history.
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Thomas

THE HELLCOWS-"Toothless"

Toothless...yes, quite. C'mon guys, do you <u>really</u> expect me to listen to this tripe? Hell no. You guys have gone too far trying to pass this total nonsense off as music (of any kind). Maybe it was in vogue to scream, as if one's testicles were in a vice, or to drone endlessly on one's guitar. But, that stuff doesn't cut it anymore. Obviously you have nothing to say; don't know how to express yourselves <u>if you did</u>, and should be knee- capped for making me listen to this drivel!
(Fallout Records / 1506 East Olive Way / Seattle, WA 98122)---Bag

HELLMENN-"Bastard Sons of 10,000,000 Maniacs!"

Are you ready for a shock? Here's a band from Australia that plays sludge garage rock. Never would have guessed that. There are a lot of bands around town playing the same kind of thing, but that's completely ignoring the major factor that the Hellmen are Australian, which is sorta like being English, so I guess I'm supoosed to gush with admiration for them. Well, I just can't do it. Don't get me wrong. These guys play real listenable blues roots beer guzzling songs, but there's really nothing out of the ordinary with them.
(Waterfront Records / P.O. Box A537 Sydney South 2000 / Australia)---Flint

HELL'S KITCHEN-"If You Can't Take the Heat..."

A dose of speed metal from self-described losers. Talent from the <u>Boneless Ones</u> & <u>Verbal Abuse</u> give you some dumb tunes to bang your head to. There's even a Spinal Tap remake. Nuff said.
(Boner Records / P.O. Box 2081 / Berkeley, CA 94702)---Flint

HERESY-"Face Up To It!"

I hate this kind of polka beat thrash. Ultra fast D.R.I. speed with a shitty production. Most of the time I can't tell what the hell is going on. Some of the slower parts are passable and then its back to that garbage disposal sound. One good thing abut England's Heresy is the insightful lyrics, but I couldn't even follow along. I just turned off the record and read the words. I'm sticking with my disposal.

(Still Thinking / P.O. Box 367, Station 'A' / Mississauga, Ontario / CANADA L5B 3A1)---Morgan

HERETICS-"The Heretics"

Sounds like really good background music. I can't say I'd care one way or the other if this was playing or not. It's not bad or good. They're competent enough, and as long as they're not bad, they're okay by me.
(Get Hip Records / 509 First St. / Canonsburg, PA 15317)---Bag

HOG BUTCHER For The World World-"A Chicago Compilation"

From the biggest stink pits emanates the greatest sounds. Hence the reason that I've always regarded Chicago as one of America's true musical meccas. This lp, which includes; Big Black, Blood Sport, Urge Overkill, Precious Wax Drippings, God's Acre and a legion of other, does nothing to alter my perception. The tunes run from post-industrial meltdown to folkie weirdness, and beyond. A nice sampler that will fit somewhere between "This is Boston not L.A." and "Flex Your Head" in the mid-East regional compilation section of your record collection.

(Mad Queen / P.O. box 5061 / Evanston, IL 60204)---Steve Alper

THE HOLLOWMEN-"Pink Quartz Sun Blasting"

Based in Des Moines, Iowa, the Hollowmen will dispel any myths you may have about the midwest. Throughout this record, there's a sincere line of melody that harmonizes with the distortion and abrasiveness of garage music, proving that even in the wheat fields, you can rock. There's an edge, but it's softened by an element of beauty. The mood of Pink Quartz Blasting is like Up on the Sun by the Meat Puppets: there's plenty of enjoyable instrumentals to space out to and not feel so shitty about the world.

The album sounds like the band feels comfortable with itself, which will carve a niche for them in the big American musical fish pond. Like the way Dinosaur Jr. came into their own with their second l.p., Your Living All Over Me, the Hollowmen have established themselves as competent musicians and writers with their latest opus.
(Amoeba Records / 5337 La Cresta Court / L.A., CA 90038)--Ant

HONEYMOON KILLERS-"Honeymoon Killers"

I didn't really think too much of this band until I saw them play here a couple months ago. They were great. As with all truly good live bands, there is simply no way the in-person experience can be put onto vinyl, which is kind of a shame. The songs they played from this record sounded twice as fast, and the on-stage movement... wow. But this record, six songs in all, is still an eargouging icepick of sonic delight. Especially the catchy bass lines which, listened to in the early a.m. hours, will keep one's brain happily throbbing throughout that dull work day. Honeymoon Killers, by this time, unquestionably have their own sound, and now it's time we start comparing some other bands to them, instead of vice versa.

(Buy Our Records / P.O. Box 363 Vauxhall, NJ 07088)---Brian

HONOR ROLE-"Rictus"

Honor Role fit snugly into the post punk vein of groups like Killing Joke, Gang of Four and Joy Division at their least happy and least poppy, but most droning moments. Many of the compositions deal with the dullness of modern day life usually setting up a single scene for each song and connecting with reality a little too well. Along with the jittery music, that steadily plods along like an old man with the shakes, the effect is a depression sound. They are the ultimate gloom band that, without dressing up, can make everyday life seem like the most depressing thing to ever happen. Hey, that must me why this record appeals to me.
(Homstead Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571- 0800)---Thomas

HOTEL CLEVELAND-Various Artists

Pity the city of Cleveland. They're so far behind the times they've still got bands that think it's cool to put out their own records...these fools are actually willing to foot their own hard-earned cash to put out records. Just so slobs around this god-forsaken country can watch their records collect dust as they calculate the shelf-life of a disc of vinyl that no one in their right mind would buy because it's not tried, tested, and true. Nobody's told them that the spirit of rock and roll is dead, and that "independent" bands just don't cut the mustard anymore. They still think that people want to buy records that have integrity...that bands are still supposed to put out music that they actually enjoy playing. Well, wake up you bozos, pretty soon it'll be the '90s and you'd better get your shit together. Better start planning your "sellout" and thinking of concepts for your videos, because it's MTV and squeaky guitar solos for you or we conglomerates in the music world will pop your measly little r 'n' r bubble faster than you can say "canned rebellion." Take this band Prisonshake. Now what kind of a name is that? And this band Crash. These guys play like they've still got balls. People aren't going to buy that. They've got a guitarist that slashes at that guitar, like he's some r 'n' r savior...enough of him. A little re-education and a shiny new Kramer guitar is what he needs. We'll just set him up with Eddie Van for a few lessons. And if he's not good-looking enough, we'll cover him with hair and nobody will notice. Same goes for these other bands. Ghost Sonata. Starvation Army. We'll get 'em over to Herb's pad for a little debriefing and set 'em straight. They think they're having fun playing this music. Well how can they be having fun if they're not making any money? Answer me that, will ya? We'll set them up with some contracts and whatnot. We'll rectify them.
(Scat Records / P.O. Box 141161 / Cleveland, OH 44114)---Brian

HOUSE OF LARGE SIZES-"One Big Cake"

Usually out of town bands have been preceded by some kind of reputation or rumor preparing you for the taking of your soul. Seen by accident, this unimposing three piece have a great big sound that demands some respect. Live, they grabbed my ear. I'm not especially fond of the 70's hard rock sound, either classic or revivalist, nor the image that comes along with it--such things as the mandatory 8" + hairdos and extra wide flare bellbottoms. Maybe it's because House of Large Sizes don't fit the stereotypes musically or imagewise. These guys can crunch metal of course, but they also have plenty of varied and memorable arrangements. They usually avoid the total distortion and sludge syndrome. Another thing they do much better than the 80's crop of long hairs is sing. Songs like "Cold-Train" and "What If There's A Fire?" make <u>One Big Cake</u> a very impressive debut L.P. indeed.
(Toxic Shock Records/ P.O. Box 43787 / Tucson, AZ 85733)---Thomas

House of Large Sizes at Al's Bar. Photo by Thomas

PENELOPE HOUSTON-"Birdboys"

Penelope Houston, best known for fronting the S.F. group the Avengers, is back from the missing in action list. After playing with the Sex Pistols at that group's last ever gig, it seemed the punk torch had been passed to the young upstarts in the Avengers, but in 1979 the group had broken up. Penelope moved to L.A. and then England where she married. Now she's back in San Francisco and playing in an acoustic band that are quite good, but also very traditional sounding, leaning toward the Irish variety of folk.

The first side starts out well with "Harry Dean" but the rest of the tunes on this side really do not strike memorable chords.

However, the second side of "Birdboys" does stands out. I love the sound of the string bass, such as on the haunting "Stoli." They also do a traditional version of "Wild Mountain Thyme" which is, dare I say, beautiful. The only song which harkens back to the punk days in musical feel and lyrical content is "Full of Wonder," which with a little electricity I could easily imagine in an Avengers set. I've listened to this album quite a bit and enjoy it as a change of pace. I can certainly understand why Penelope has put her heart here, even in this day and age when traditional folk seems like a distant relic of the past. (P.S. My mom likes this album, too.)
(Subterranean Records / P.O. Box 2530 / Berkeley, CA 94702)--- Thomas

HUMAN MUSIC-"Various Artists"

This varied compilation of unreleased tracks gives me hope for the music underground. Each band brings an original sound and style to the two record set. The tune "Doomsday" by the New Zealand group Verlaines kicks off the record with a high energy and anthemic pop sound reminiscent of The Jam. Milder pop numbers come from bands such as Big Dipper, Salem 66, Antietam and Great Plains. Then we have the uncategorizeable noise of the great Urinals and Half Japanese. You'll a very wide set of styles, high quality and a good introduction to some of the Homestead line-up here.
(Homestead)---Brian y Thomas

THEE HYPNOTICS-"Justice In Freedom"

These Brit blokes have captured the essence of American white trash garage rock. It all seems painstakingly authentic. If it didn't say "1989" on the label, no one would know the difference between these geezers and all those Motor City legends of lore. Needless to say, if this is your schtick, hop on it quick.
(Beggars Banquet // 274 Madison Ave., Suite 804 / New York, NY 10016)---Brian

IMITATION LIFE-"Scoring Correctly At Home!"

My impression going in was that of disdain ("They're gonna sound like Men At Work!") But, after listening to this platter, I have to say this is no crummy Men At Work. It's a simple equation: strong lyrics, combined with a strong musical direction, equals one jammin' album. Even though three ex*Plimsouls (Peter Case, Eddie Munoz & David-O Pahoa) are guest artists (various songs) they really stand out. This straight foreword rock/pop/r&b/surf album is pure listening satisfaction. This is one unpretentious vinyl slab, folks.
(Get Hip Records / 509 First St. / Canonsburg, PA 15317)---Bag

INSULIN REACTION-"What's The Point"

Ahh, the old Joy Division connection. The coming of the Black Plague. Camus wrote about this. In a meeting with him in Algiers before his tragic death in 1960, he told me that there would come a time when musicians would dig deep into the bowels of their minds, and that the pointlessness of life would be all too apparent. "Go with the flow!" said I, and was born a new era unto which we suffered the indignities of life as human beings, unaware and unassuming of our past and future. Translation: When you live in Covina, children, you live only for the present, and it ain't much of a present, at that. You've got a dump in your back yard and your water is tainted, so you start up a band that reflects the way you feel. The mid-range sound of a guitar will not be needed, thanks, so it's two basses, synth, and drums/machine. Very subjective and heavily recommended for those weak enough to be on the brink of suicide. This will put you over the edge. Bye bye.
(bobok, ltd. / P.O. Box 43787 / Tucson, AZ 85733)---Brian

JANDEK-On The Way"

Well folks, for those hot and lazy days out on the range put on Jandek, Southwestern rock meets the Cramps. Harmonica and slide guitar create some slow blues rhythms, while other tunes have a eroding psychedelic sound. They have a ton o' vinyl printed, and it's worth adding one of their twenty to your collection.
(Corwood Industries / Box 15375 / Houston, TX 77020)---Ms. Print

KING VITAMIN-"Breakfast With The King"

King Vitamin hide some mainstream pop influences under a hard pounding rhythm section and some off the wall solos. Sometimes I hear a bit of Joe Jackson pop out from underneath, especially in the vocal department. There are some power pop parts here I was begining to get into but all the unecessary solos drove me away. Still when a band dedicates a groove to a sports star, in this case Micheal Jordan, without making it a rap song they've gotta get some kind of award.
(Sensitive Records / 3611 N. Wilton / Chicago, IL 60613)--- Thomas

KODA-"In The Nursery

Don't let the umlats fool you, they're not metal. In fact Koda isn't even rock, but damn it, I like it. The album is a complete, orchestrated movement that's closer to Brecht & Liszt than it is to the Stones. Alright, maybe it's kind of artsy, but it sure is pretty, and as a mood piece, it sure works well. If you're a This Mortal Coil fan, you'll love this record.
(Wax Trax Records / 2445 North Lincoln Ave. / Chicago, IL 60614) ---Flint

LARD-"Power of Lard"

A Jello Biafra project that features good old noise, and about time. "Time to Melt" drags on way too long and wears pretty thin, but the other two cuts are quite good. "The power of Lard" tune almost reaches a thrash attack and "Hellfudge" sinks into more of a Flipperish like dirge. Biafra is still one of the most interesting front men around and his psychotic humor and sea sludge visions are always entertaining and provocative.
(Alternative Tentacles Records / P.O. Box 11458 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Thomas

LAUGHING HYENAS-"You Can't Pray A Lie"

Your better vocalists won't just "sing", but will use their voices as "instruments". Sorely missed David Yow did this to display his hideous insanity. Hyena John Brannon does it to show us an unheard-of sense of total desperation. That's what this band sounds like. Desperation. They've had enough and in a last-ditch effort they're turning on their master. It's loud, it's painful and when you hear it, you certainly can't ignore it. Perhaps the fact that you can't ignore it is the greatest compliment you can give a band.
(Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Brian

LEAD INTO GOLD-"Idiot"

Another one of Wax Trax's disco-syntho industrial mightmares. This album consists of three songs. One side is a seven minute instrumental at 45rpms. The other side plays two tunes with male vocals at 33rpms. Lead Into Gold has an over dramatic gothic sound along the lines of Test Department. The intense cover design is a precursor of the music that follows.
(Wax Trax Records / 2445 North Lincoln Ave. / Chicago, IL 60614) ---Ms. Print

LEATHERWOLF

"Leatherwolf"

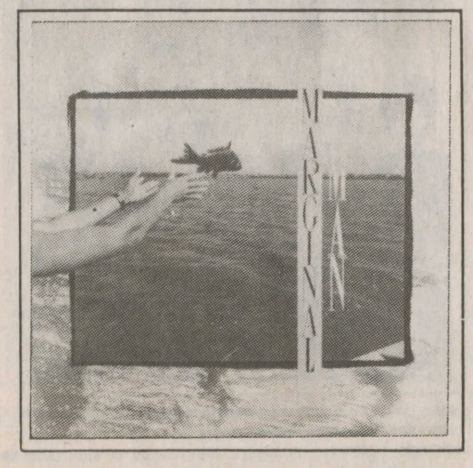
You have got to be fucking kidding! This is generic, pressed, stamp-molded, glamfag, stereo-chorus, torn spandex, pretty-boy, suckass metal!!! I'm taking this one out to the desert and will gleefully, diligently apply my .357 magnum to it.
(Island)---Bag

THE LEGENDARY PINK DOTS-(Play It Again, Sam) "The Golden Age"

Ah, yes...once again we have MORE anal retentive English glamfag singing. Shitcan this crud.
(Wax Trax Records / 2445 N. Lincoln Ave. / Chicago, IL 60614)--- Bag

THE LIMITS-"Rock Invasion"

So...Rick Levy is the "musical-child," eh? And they trace their roots to the "British sound and invasion," eh? They write real winners like, "Cry, If I Lose," huh? Well...take the vinyl, the sleeve, and the jacket, roll them into a nice tight cylinder and cram it



all the way up your anus, okay, sport? Then, when you start walkin' funny, maybe you'll be able to return to the late 1980s and right some real songs.
(C.I.T.S. Records Corp. / P.O. Box #2544 / Baton Rouge, LA 70821)---Bag

LIVE SKULL-"Snuffer"

In spite of changes in personnel, they've maintained, and even improved upon, their dense two-guitar sound. But they're as much a percussion and bass band as a guitar band. Longtime member Marnie Greenholz departed as bass player shortly after "Snuffer" was recorded...one wonders how this will affect the future sound of Live Skull. Dense.
(Caroline Records / 5 Crosby St. / New York, NY 10013)---Brian

LOMPOC COUNTY SPLATTERHEADS-"The Filthy Mile"

I just want to clear one thing up. There must be a Lompoc in Australia, as well as the one in California, because these guys are Aussies. I took this album, because the guys looked grundgy enough to rock. Once again, judging a book by its cover proves accurate. These dudes play some pretty good punk rock. In some ways, they remind me of a simple Replacements. Their backing vocals remind me of Misfits-style dudeness. "Party Song," however makes me think of Kiss doing "Rock and Roll All Nite."
(Waterfront Records / P.O. Box A537 Sydney South 2000 / Australia)---Flint

LOVEGODS IN LEISURE SUITS-"Com Here Often?"

This album has one damn funny cover. It features one hairy, fat slob dressed in the ugliest polyester known to man; his carpet of chest hairs tastefully offset by his large belly lapping over his belt. The Lovegods wroship Herb Tarlek of "WKRP." They could give a class in cheesy pick up lines. Their music is run-of the-mill P. rock. All in all, it's swarmy fun.
(Space Fish Records / 420 South Orlando Ave., Suite 12 / Winter Park, FL 32789)---Flint

MANNEQUIN BEACH-"Don't Laugh, You're Next"

Hailing from Lincoln, Nebraska (and I mean hailing), Mannequin Beach unleash a critical attack on the powers that be. The music reflects anger and frustration with very tight and powerful songs, punctuated with heavy beats and loud guitar. Almost like MDC in the old days, Mannequin Beach have clung to the ideals of real hardcore (not a generic version) in an effort to amplify their message of social change.
(Mordam Records / P.O. Box 988 / San Francisco, CA 94101)--- Ant

ROGER MANNING-"Roger Manning"

The roving troubadour of the New York subway, Roger Manning might fool some as a wannabe Dylan, but proves otherwise on this new release from SST. In the "Pearly Blues," Manning laments that "this is not a folk song, it's just a string of pearls." Here and in other songs Manning may ironically decry the role of a folk singer and poet ("I ain't no poet , if I was, I'd be dead by now"), but he does resemble the classic American folk singer-- on the road, bummed about failed relationships, sleeping in bushes in foreign countries, etc. Unlike folk singers of the Sixties, Manning's imagery is bleaker (a reflection of the Eighties) in parts, but not by much. His lyrical style is straight forward and lacks many of the quirky metaphors used by greats like Dylan, yet his feelings and observations are conveyed clearly. Manning may not be the great visionary of the Nineties, but his music has a simplistic beauty that's relaxing and comforting for all those travelers who miss cold, lonesome nights on the road.
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Ant

MARGINAL MAN-"Marginal Man"

This is the third and final album from a band we'll miss very much. DC's now defunct Marginal Man complete their evolution to a slower poppier rock sound on this farewell vinyl offering. The two guitars of Pete Murray and Kenny Inouye work fantastically together, as usual. The drumming of Mike Manos and bass playing of Andre Lee provide a powerful backdrop and a punchy counter to the melodic guitar work. Steve Polcari has a unique and compelling voice that fits perfectly with the band. They lack some of the infectious hooks of past records and the aggressiveness of live shows--possibly do to the slick production--replacing urgency with a more melancholy feeling. I still highly recommed all three albums including this one. Though a lot less punkish than the first LP's this still delivers with songs like "What Did She Say," "Time," "Home Again," and "Under A Shadow" making it all worth while. This album will appeal to old Marginal Man fans as well as those into "normal" alternative rock n' roll. My only complaint is that they broke up before touring to support this vinyl. Deserving of a place in your stack. I wish more people would support underground bands of this calibre, so that they don't fade away leaving only obscure vinyl traces.
(Giant Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)---Morgan/Thomas

MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO-"God O.D."

These three dudes are rapping and scratching to a different

beat. It's a mixed media LSD experience of electo-dance tunes. Hot stuff for parties on a 12" single with only two cuts.
(Wax Trax Records / 2445 North Lincoln Ave. / Chicago, IL 60614) ---Ms. Print

THE MEATMEN-"We're the Meatmen... And You Still Suck"

Yeah, I know we still suck. But listen to me, Tesco Vee and your MeatKrew: You suck, too. You didn't give us West Coast MeatMerchants a chance to see your MeatBand. Now it's all gone and all we're left with is this "live" album. I say "live" because the audience sounds about 20,000 strong...every line in every joke is studio perfect...it's just TOO GOOD. No way is this live...it's better than live. The enormous crowd roars after every bulldyke joke, every Beatle wisecrack, every mention of bunghole tonguing. The Meatmen were exactly what they claimed to be: male-oriented aggressive rock. They were a masculine tribe of manly men. The men of Ink Disease salute them.
(Caroline Records / 114 West 26th Street / New York, NY 10016) ---Brian

No Means No in Budapest, Hungry. Foto by Zetenyi Zoltan

MISSION OF BURMA-"Forget"

These guys are really great. What I like so much about them I'm not really sure. They definitely have the drive and melodies of bands like the Buzzcocks, but more often they display some great diversity reminding me of such groups as Gang of Four and Wire. "Forget" is a record you'd be wise to remember.
(Taang Records / P.O. Box 51 / Auburndale, MA 02166)---Thomas

THE MOTHERS-"12 Incher"

This Aussie band has two women and two men. One of the women sing. Most of their material is good solid pop punk. The six songs have a range in which they go from Ramones guitar distortion to a pop dirge, and even one undecipherable 78rpm track. Other cuts are similar to Britain's second wave of punk bands (which produced such groups as Vice Squad, and Chron-Gen). Although there is no lyric sheet it appears most of the songs fall in the love song and personal relationship category. Not a ground breaking record but it's not bad either.
(Waterfront Records / P.O. Box A537 / Sydney South 2000 / Australia)---Thomas

MOTORHEAD-"No Sleep At All"

When I first heard of Motorhead I thought they were one metal band that had a lot in common with punk bands. They're not pretty boys. They play fast distorted songs without too many solos; and they don't have an opera singer doing the vocals. But I learned that after the grungy image the other similarities stopped there. These guys are into being rock stars, riding in the limos, etc. The lyrics show some concern but can also be very superficial and sexist. It reminds me of the typical rebel stereotypes. They rock out better than most metal bands, and most of this is not awful or anything, but there's plenty of great punk rock old and new with fantastic music and ideals that I rather spend my time elsewhere.
(Enigma)---Thomas

MOOSEHEART FAITH-"Mooseheart Faith"

You'd think it odd that a band would name itself after a guy whose claim to fame was that he was charged in 1865 with child molestation and spoke openly on the subject of UFOs. Not when the band is fronted by Todd "Have a nice day" Homer, of the Angry Samoans. The lp takes us on an interplanetary psychedelic journey into the galactic void that would leave even William Shatner scratching his toupee. Other than the original versions of "Unhinged" and "Back From Samoa" which please Samoan heads, like myself, the other 90% of the album comes off like a bad acid experience, that would leave even Timothy Leary with second thoughts about eating another tab.
(Venus Records / 622 Broadway, Suite 5B / New York, NY 10012)--- Steve Alper

The MR. T. EXPERIENCE-"Night Shift At The Thrill Factory"

With a name like this you'd expect funny punk that is not really either funny or punk. Yet MTX, as they like to refer to themsleves, are adept at their straight ahead punk songs. Influences like the Stooges, the Clash and especially the Ramones can be heard here. Nothing too fancy, just a solid foundation to build on. They don't get too sappy with their lyrics either, which I'm grateful for. Sometimes they even have a little dry edge to their humor. Except for some dull sounding vocals, this is not bad stuff.
(Rough Trade / 326 Sixth Street / San Francisco, CA 94103)---Thomas

MUDHONEY-"Super fuzz Bigmuff"

Mudhoney starts with a basic garage pop base. They stretch it out, rip it apart and jump on it a bit. Next they glue it back together with large chunks of distortion. Then they add a little 60's psychedelic sound and cover with mud from the Green river. The magic rocks start to rise. One of the six songs goes wah wah crazy. Two former Green River members (the vocalist and guitarist) do chores here. The press release by former (are they still around?) Necro Barry Henssler raves on. Among other things, he mentions that the singer Mark Arm listens to a lot of Neil Young, yet says that has little effect on the band's sound. I'm not so sure. If you trust Henssler's taste in music or you like the Sub Pop grunge sound, this slab of wax will be no disappointment to you.
(Sup Pop / P.O. Box 20645 / Seattle, WA 98102)---Thomas

MURPHY'S LAW-"Back With a Bong!"

I like this album alot. How could anyone not like this album. Murphy's law, onn this their second album, manages to blend all kinds of styles of music--Ska, Funk, Hardcore, Reggae--without ever losing their very original NY hardcore edge. The music is overall very fun. Weather it's the fast thrash sound of "Quest For Herb" and "Push Comes to Shove" or the danceable ska/funk sound of "Yahoo!," "Bong" and "Ska Song" Murphy's Law always puts plenty of fun into their songs.

Live Murphy's Law is vicious. Always stealing the show with their party atmosphere. And that has been captured very well on "Back With a Bong." If you're ever having a party throw on some Murphy's Law.
(Profile Records / 740 Broadway / New York, NY 10003)--Bob Rangel

MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT-"I See Good Spirits..."

This mockery of Christianity, this repetition of blasphemous indignities...Be done with it!
(Wax Trax Records / see address below)---Brian

MY LIFE WITH THE THRILL KILL KULT-"Nervous Xians" b/w "The Devil Does Drugs"

Dance the night away, baby. Like it or not, disco still exists and this disco of the '90s is every bit as useful as the '70s hinted it would be.

(Wax Trax Records / 2445 North Lincoln Ave. / Chicago, IL 60614) ---Brian

NAKED RAYGUN-"Understand?"

Plain and simply, there is no doubt about it "Understand?" is a fantastic record. Despite Comparison to bands such as the Misfits and the Buzzcocks, Naked Raygun have always charted out their own territory, and do a damn good job of it too. These Chicagoans play great power punk rock anthems and post punk cutting edge music creating a field all their own. Lyrically, the whole band contributes excellent material. The writing works on many levels at once. First of all on the micro level, word choice provides acute meaning, vivid images, and amazing flow & feel. On the macro level, the topics show imagination, concern, awareness and breadth. Best of all, musical and lyrical elements combine to bring about the unexplainable, glimpsing what lies beyond the usual dimensions of the senses to reveal gut level feelings, showing how wonderful a medium music can be. I think "Throb Throb" was a better record due to its even greater range, but "Understand?" is not far behind. You could miss out on this crucial disc and hate yourself for the rest of your life, no one would arrest you, but you don't have to go through all the pain and torment.
(Caroline Records / 114 West 26th St. / New York, NY 10016)--- Thomas

THE NEON JUDGEMENT-"General Pain and Major Disease"

Wax Trax strikes again. That goddamn guy and his midi...still crankin' out the same stuff. Just in case you're not familiar with the ol' Wax Trax scandal: a couple of years ago it was discovered (after fifteen years of intensive investigation) that the owner of Wax Trax (name hidden by parent companies and umbrella corporations) hides out in his garage with a stack of main frame computers and a midi. He creates all the music on his label in his garage and uses his computer to package it (lyrics, band name, personnel, etc.). Oh yeah, all that and this album is a compilation, too. Oh boy.
(Wax Trax Records / 2445 North Lincoln Ave. / Chicago, IL 60614)---Bag

BILL NELSON'S ORCHESTRA ARCANA-"Optimism"

Presumably a real treat for devoted technophiles, for persons who enjoy Orchestral Maneuvers in the Dark, and for those who actually own "Einstein on the Beach," this clever and sensitive outing becomes for me a regular snoresgasboard o'keyboard-infested disco--but, as I say, that's just me.
(Enigma)---Les

NINE POUND HAMMER-"The Mud, the Blood, and the Beers"

What attracted me to this record was the colorful cover art with the band on the front and a bit of Americana on the back. They describe their sound as Johnny Cash meets the Ramones. The songs are socially relevant as well as fun square dancing punk. These Good ole boys from Kentucky add plenty o' good natured jabs such as on the song "Bye bye, Glen Fry." I like the power chording and Southern twang.
(Wanghead Records / 19620 Warham Road / New Boston, MI 48164)--- Thomas

NO FOR AN ANSWER-"A Thought Crusade"

No For An Answer are another young and highly touted bold, short hair, high energy youth band. The music is solid and very powerful (although the drums are out front a little too much for me) with arrangements that are simple but effective. As their press release says they have some similarites to Stalag 13 and SSD. The singer has pseudo gruff vocals and inflections that pay homage to Dave Smalley, Choke, John Brannon and Springa. The lyrics are about what you'd expect from this genre with the exception of "Domino Principle" which branches out to the area of child abuse. If you like this style of music, third wave hardcore straight edge, No For An Answer are one of the top bands in the league.
(Hawker Records / 225 Lafayette St., Suite 709 / New York, NY 10012)---Thomas

NOFX-"Liberal Animation"

Inane lyrics, thrashing punk rock, and devoid of any thought--kind of refreshing. A little anti-intellectualism is a good thing. NOFX defies you to find any redeeming message to their music. There's not much variety to their songs, but with a song called "You Put Chocolate In My Peanut Butter" how can you miss?
(225 Irving / L.A., CA 90004)---Flint

NO MEANS NO-"Small Parts Isolated and Destroyed"

These guys play so fast and tightly controlled that you are expecting them to explode at any minute, but they just keep tightening the screws. You're left with your mouth open in awe. Lyrically they're getting more cynical, even about being cynical. The exception is the rise above it all feeling of "Victory." My one complaint is that their songs keep getting longer and longer. I mean, they can slip into a mesmerizing groove and ride it to perfection, but they forget we're the television generation that can only pay attention for two minutes. it's work following every twist and turn a band like this makes. They astonish as they create moody atmospheric noise, grind bare steel, rage full on, or dip into melodic dirges. I'd like to see your average speedmetal fans headbang to this--Their fucking heads would probably fly off.
(Alternative Tentacles / P.O. Box 11458 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Thomas

JOHN NORUM-"Total Control"

Ultra-formulaic metal. Each guitar lead occurs at the same place in each song, lasting for the record company approved 28.6 seconds. There is, of course, the requisite slow "poignant" ballad, too. The songs all have the approved number of chord changes and all are perfectly engineered ("I'm sorry, John. That's too many notes, please play that again." "Duh...okay.") But, what really pisses me off is that Norum is quite competent, and he plays nothing but commercial suitable-for-airplay tunes. I expect more. Get this scheiss away from me. Hey, Fido, wanna play frisbee?
(CBS Records / 51 W. 52nd Street / New York, NY 10019)---Bag

NEUROSIS-"Pain Of MInd"

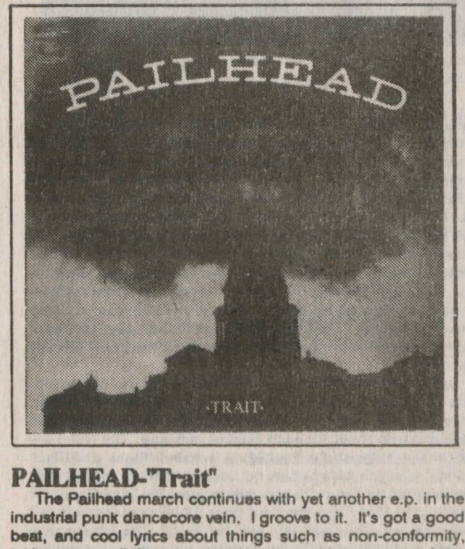
Unfortunately this record suffers frm bad production. The vocals are way too low, and the overall sound is kind of flat. Despite my problems with the recording, Neurosis still comes across with power. Intense thrash attacks to slower grunge keep it fresh and interesting. Their songs are right on, dealing with the system's conditioning and society's sheepishness. I especially enjoyed "Stalemate" and "United Sheep". It's refreshing to hear a hardcore release that is not drenched with positive overtones. Looking forward to more from this band and better yet, a live show.
(Alchemy / P.O. Box 99284 / Seattle, WA 98199)---Morgan

THE ORIGINAL SINS-"The Hardest Way"

An arm full of rave reviews came with the Original Sins record. The band starts out a bit slow on this platter, but begin to warm up after a few cuts. The material of "The Hardest Way" is in the 60's garage rock tradition. However, The Original Sins have more hard aggressive and powerful qualities than most bands doing this today.
(Psonik Records / P.O. Box 2727 / Lehigh Valley, PA 18001-2727)---Thomas

DOUG ORTON-"Sleepy Town"

Sounding like the Boomtown Rats with Warren Zevon on vocals, Orton makes like a modern day Frank Zappa with the social commentary. I might normally like it, but since he's affiliated with the likes of Camper Van Beethoven (puke!) he gets the axe. But, hey! You decide.
(Gene Pool Records / 109 Minna St., Suite 325 / San Francisco, CA 94105)---Bag



PAILHEAD-"Trait"

The Pailhead march continues with yet another e.p. in the industrial punk dancecore vein. I groove to it. It's got a good beat, and cool lyrics about things such as non-conformity, taking responsibility, the deteriorating environment, and the crumbling social fabric of our lives. Trait also has spunk.
(Wax Trax Records / 2445 North Lincoln Ave. / Chicago, IL 60614)---Thomas

PAGAN BABIES-"Next"

When I saw this in the voluminous stack of stuff over at the massive INK DISEASE warehouse in Century City, I knew I had to do it... I'll spare these guys the hearty ass-whupping I automatically mete out to retro-mosh of similar ilk...seems like HAWKER, (purveyor of corporate hardcore) has a distinct knack for finding and successfully releasing the most hackneyed, trite, bald-head and white-bread east coast dross. Fortunately for us all, this is one of their better than bad efforts. Philly's PAGAN BABIES come off sounding like a hardcore band, yes, steak-cutting and head-butting (I didn't know I could use so many hyphens!) their way through eight or ten "mosh tunes". Boring? No, because they pull it off without any of the back to the roots pretensions that make this genre so predictable nowadays. Better than their POSITIVE FORCE seven inch, and tighter than most, if you like this kind of stuff, buy it. (no need to bother telling you who/what it sounds like...you know.) If you don't, well.....
(Roadracer Records / 225 Lafayette Street, Suite 709 / New York, NY 10012)---Tad Kepley

The PENETRATORS-"Kinds of Basement Rock"

There are garage bands and then there are basement bands. Basement bands are never meant to be heard. They exist solely for the people in the band. What happens when the "Kings of Basement Rock" are heard by outsiders is that nobody, besides themselves, wants to hear them. The basement rockers have to face up to this fact.
(Venus Records / 622 Broadway, Suite 5B / New York, NY 10012)--- Flint

PERFECT DISASTER-"Asylum Road"

Modern update of a sort of Velvet Underground sound, right down to the cover photo. Very intellectual. Very cool. Very now, man.
(Genius Records / POB 481052 / LA, CA 90048)---Brian

PHANTOM OPERA-"Lives of Violence"

Here is a South bay band with a former member of Secret Hate, one of those odd, little known, cool, and original sounding punk bands. However, Phantom Opera don't really sound like Secret Hate. They have more of an S.N.F.U. meets early T.S.O.L. sound, with the emphasis on the latter. The music although rooted firmly in the punk rock hardcore tradition has some metal parts (like T.S.O.L.) such as solos and wrenching and cranking guitar work. A lot of the lyrics describe the ugly side of life. These include things like toilet bowls. Many other songs have violent images with topics ranging from punk rock violence (whether they admire that aspect of the music, despise it, or fondly remember is not entirely clear from the lyrics) to pirates, to the (un)dead like on "Rise from Below" (again like T.S.O.L.), to American Indians, to other punk concerns. Then there is "Internal Wars" which views the predicament of the Vietnam veteran--not a happy track. The remark about jews on "Landlord" is a bit suspect. So, what does this all add up to. Hell, if I know. "Lives of Violence" is an above average record musically, while being graphic and off the wall at times lyrically. The art work and the band's name are on the original side. Originality is sorely missing in so many bands this days. So, maybe they do have something in common with Secret Hate, they're a little on the odd side, they have some originality, and they're not well known.
(New Alliance / P.O. Box 1369 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Thomas

PINK SLIP DADDY-"Pink Slip Daddy"

Former Sickids! and Das Yahoos personnel collude with trashmaster-as-producer Ben Vaughn to unleash nasty beast that rocks right out of the box. Cheap guitar, garbageous drums, surly, low-rent vocals--this is my kind of music!

There's a fair amount of re-worked Sickids! material here, but there's also a steamy, sordid "heat of Love," authored by the unimpeachably swell Dan Marcus, as well as terminally garage-ridden renditions of "Is There Something on your Mind" and "It's Gonna Rain." But the clincher's a twitchin' version of that junkabilly classic, "I Love to Boogie"--Marc Bolan's imposition of some of his own inane acidbabble upon a note-for-note plagiarism of Webb Pierce's "Teenage Boogie." The treatment here represents stupidity in its most desireable form and features a harmonica break simpletonic enough to make Dr. Ross weep with remorse.
(Apex/Skylab / 6 Valleybrook Drive / Middlesex, NJ 08846)---Les

POPDEFECT-"Live With This"

This is the stuff that should have defined the sixties, not the claptrap that did. This music, and this band, make a statement about pop. Pop is defined by these guys, but pop that rocks, as well. High-spirited tunes that keep me going. Rousing tunes that you hum all day.
(Heart Murmur Records / P.O. Box 42602 / Los Angeles, CA 90042)---Bag

PRONG-"Force Fed"

Some pretty good thrash metal, but these guys try too hard

to be some other band. They have some really good sounds, but each song sounds like a cover (even though all are original). I'd say if they attempted their own style and let their music speak for themselves instead of industry ('You gotta sound like the rest, y'know: nothing new') they'll be the ones on top.
(Relativity Records / 187-07 Henderson Ave. / Hollis, NY 11423)---Bag

PRONG-"Primitive Origins"

'ThrashCore' huh? Not as good as 'Force Fed' was, but at least I can see some progression toward improvement. This

(Caroline Records / 5 Crosby St. / N.Y., NY 10013)---Brian

RAINING VIOLET-"Ocean of Dreams"

Four songs in the "adult-oriented rock" category. It comes off absolutely too commercial and polished for my taste, almost begging for a major label signing with horrendous guitar solos. On the lighter side of things, singer/ songwriter Ivy Markaity has a great voice and a talent for songwriting. But why use these abilities to sound like so many other bands, to drown in a sea of mainstream blandness? So many others have done this, as evidenced by MTV and the even uglier VH1.

The Scream at Raji's. Photo by Thomas

album is generic. Maybe by their third effort, we'll have something. (Mr. Bear)---Bag

PUSSY GALORE-"SuGarShit Sharp' A: YU GunG"

I got the biggest laugh in a long time reading over the press kit. The reprints of the British music press articles are hilarious. I was actually able (I think) to read through the typical NME/MM hype bullscheiss and sift out that maybe this band isn't as pretentiously 'nasty' as said limey press would have you believe. 'Sugarshit Sharp' is more direct and hard-hitting than the disappointing 'Right Now' album. It's more in line with 'Groovy Hate Fuck' (a great record), but faster and even MORE distorted and twisted. It's, once again, like listening to the Cramps through an electronic distortion box. As NME would say: 'It's f___ing brilliant.'
(Caroline Records / 5 Crosby St. / N.Y., NY 10013)---Brian

PUSSY GALORE-"Dial 'M'"

Take a look at Pussy Galore...a couple years ago they're making beautiful noise, two women are in the band and fans like myself are saying, 'More. These people are alright.' Personnel changes galore, and now they're four long-haired guys in danger of looking/sounding like any other band of fairies. So what do you do? You listen to this record and hear that they still sound great. From the first chord, there's no question as to what band this is. Of course, founding member Julia does play on this, so the next record (presumably without her) may tell us if they'll start imitating their own past. Until then they're still the band with the inverted mix.

(Certain Records / 51 W. 81st Streetm #6L / NYC, NY 10024)--- Brian

RAPEMAN-"Two Nuns and a Pack Mule"

Steve Albini's latest project comes slickly packaged and with a name that, even when explained, is sure to offend most everyone. The cover has windows cut out so you can view parts of the inner sleeve jacket--a nice idea that works. Rey Washman and David Wm Sims lay down rock solid foundations faster than the Union Pacific did track. Washam proves that a human can still out skin even a Roland. Steve still gets the sound of ginsu knives cutting up aluminum cans with his guitar--screeching. Although Rapeman's sound shows a bit more musical range than his previous band it definitely is in the same noise destroys category. The most satisfying cuts are 'Just Got Paid,' which rips and 'Marmoset' which is the most musically friendly and different.

Lyrically Albini continues to concentrate on the heavy subjects and bizarre areas of life shocking us all along the way. Steve kindly provides a few brief words on the inner sleeve, in place of a lyric sheet, for each blast of verb-age. The first number on Two Nuns and a Pack Mule is called "Steak and Black Onions" to which Albini notes no hostility towards vegetarians, 'just laughs,' yet the cut continually repeats the line "Why Don't You Snuff it Man." On the third track Albini describes his self image saying, 'Just wait till I join Nautilist.' The other songs provide odd and useful facts, suitable for party conversation. Rapeman could just be the next brillant maketing concept--right up their with Sigue Sigue Sputnik.
(Touch and Go Records / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)--- Thomas

RATTAIL GRENADIER-"Rattail Grenadier"

No, Rattail Grenadier doesn't do much for me. Their material is self-described thrash-metal. The metal annoys me and the thrash often falls into the generic abyss. The lyrics don't really cover much new territory either, with the typical punk rock concerns such as suicide. The short song comment sheet is more interesting than any of the lyrics or the music. Only two songs really stand out. These are "Breeding Corn"-- a bit of regional humor there, and "Line of Duty' a pro cop song. Few tunes are really horrible, but this record is in the so so category making it hard to recommend. I think I'd have a hard time listening to this again. I'm sorry they aren't more like their Indianapolis counterparts such as the Zero Boys or Toxic Reasons. They show some signs they could be.
(Roadkill Records / P.O. Box 37 / Prospect Heights, IL 60070- 0037)---Thomas

THE REAL AUTHENTIC SAMPLER-"RAS records presents"

Of the fourteen cuts here, thirteen are a variety of well known and less well known groups and the other is an "all-star- we-are-the-world" type Christmas collaboration. Most of the material has some of that heavy dub sound, some a little brass as well. It's all very smooth, on the mellow, relaxing, danceable and rhythmic side. Lyrically it's divided into about three divisions with many Jah songs, a few socially conscious numbers and a good number of party tunes. My favorite cuts are by Peter Broggs, Eek-A-Mouse, Don Carlos and Half Pint. Also featured are big name heavies such as Gregory Issacs, Yellowman, and Black Uhuru. It serves its purpose as a samper very well, introducing a variety of acts and styles while maintaining a good quality level of the mellow material.

Dr. Dread started this label out of his house and out of his heart to make reggae better known. I like that independent spirit and style. These guys also released the most recent Scream L.P. Hell, reggae bands have influenced the likes of the Clash and Stiff Little Fingers among others.
(RAS Records / P.O. Box 42517 / Washington D.C., 20015)---Thomas

R.K.L.-"Greatest Hits"

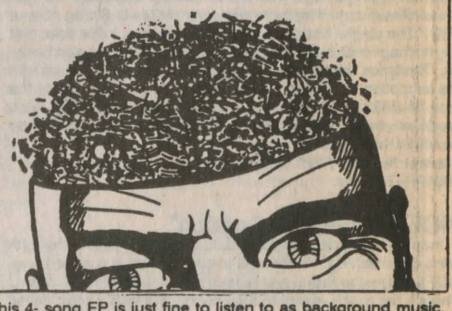
Good God! This is the dreaded live double disc!-- Recorded in West Germany no less. Overall a pretty good record, very well recorded, thouogh a little hard to listen to all in one sitting (a little too metallic). The lyrics are generally pretty good, especially "Dead Ted" (all thanx to the lyric booklet). Definitely for the committed fan, though perhaps not the best place to start for the casual browsers. Great cover.
(P.O. Box 421361 / S.F., CA 94101-1361)---Mark

ROCKS-"Final Assault"

Competent, but unfortunately a generic rock effort.

POPDEFECT

LIVE WITH THIS



This 4- song EP is just fine to listen to as background music, but I can't say that I'd seek it out. I've never heard of these guys, but if they give a bigger taste next time, and strive for their own sound, I'd listen to 'em again.
(Waterfront/Damp Records / P.O. Box A537 / Sydney South 2000 / Austrailia)---Bag

RUN, WESTY, RUN-"Run Westy Run"

I don't know what to make of these five guys from Minneapolis. The dreaded college radio influence is there (that's

two strikes alone!) but, they manage to overcome it. The songs promise a lot and kind of deliver it but I remain ambivalent. I don't want to like this stuff, and yet a feel I do. I can't figure this out. Maybe you can.
(SST Records / P.O. box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Bag

SCAB CADILLAC-"Tagged & Numbered..."

This quartet combines hard-driving anthems with melodic interludes, singing mostly about the state of the world and things to come ("Homeless," "Fall, Fall, Wall Street," "Gaza Striptease," etc.). The injection of social consciousness is admirable, although sometimes cliched; however, the intensity and the sincerity of the music makes up for the lack of original ideas about these difficult issues.
(Rave Records / P.O. Box 40075 / Philadelphia, PA 19106-5075)--- Ant

SCREAM-"No More Censorship"

The Scream can really crank the music up to incredibly powerful heights. "Hit Me" is a great song. However, the band continues to go in a hard rock direction (longer songs / more solos, less pop sensibilites, etc) trading their punk trash it and burn it down approach along with their mid-period metal tinged melodies for blunt metal angst. The group still write socially conscious lyrics and Peter Stahl has a wonderful voice to deliver them. I wish them the best of luck, but unlike there first two gloriously passionate and raw albums, this stuff will never get me to drive a hundred miles out of my way to see them. Still these guys are way above what most bands can even hope for and there's enough good parts to give this a conditional green light (unfortunately this also appears to be Skeeter Thompson's last Scream vinyl appearance on bass, which would be a good reason to check it out).
(RAS Records / P.O. Box 42517 / Washington D.C., 20015)---Thomas

SHADES APART-"Shades Apart"

This kind of reminds me of Denko's era Dag Nasty. Sort of a melodic pop punk blend with shades of metal here and there. Really strong vocals, somewhat Huskerish, is what sets this record apart for me. Lyrically, I found "Shades" to be a little vague. the majority of the songs seem to deal with growing up and conquering the past, a somewhat tired theme in my book. Musically a cut above, therefore escaping easy classifcation making it appealing to more, than the average Wishingwell junkie. Definitely one of that labels better releases.
(Giant Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)---Morgan

SKINNER BOX-"Skinner Box"

They are a religous psychic modern music band, creating sounds like Bulgarian Folk Singers--reminds me of Santa Cruz--a bit too trippy.
(Box 43787 / Tucson, AZ 85733)---Ms. Print

SKIN YARD-"Hallowed Ground"

Sometimes coming off a slight bit too "metal" at times, these "hombres" pack a punch that'd leave a "burro" lying belly- up in the sand. Unlike many Seattle bands, Skin Yard's is a controlled attack, a finely sharpened sword, able to dissect a skull as easily as a rotten grapefruit. They know exactly what sounds they want to produce, and they do it. Lose your concentration in a "scrap" with these "vatos," and you're likely to exit said battle with one or two less "juevos."
(Toxic Shock / Box 43787 / Tucson, AZ 85733)---Brian

SNFU-"Better Than A Stick In The Eye"

SNFU swoop across the Canadian border with an incredibly strong, tight, and a way rockin' attack. Lyrically these punk punsters have a novel approach to unusual concerns and tired subjects. Sometimes I think the music is a bit too even keeled, lacking some of the hooks of earlier albums. Another complaint is that they didn't totally thrash on Cat Stevens "Wild World." Some guy who puts free speech below offending religous sensibilities could use a good going over. Anyway, the high points like "Straightening Out the Shelves," "Tears," "The Quest For Fun," and "What Good Hollywood?" as well as the excellent art work and design (on both the cover sleeve and the lryic sheet insert) make this package well worth your interest. This SNFU record is definitely way better than a stick in the eye.
(Cargo Records / 1180 Saint Antoine Street, West / Montreal, Quebec H3C 1B4)---Thomas

SOCIAL UNREST-"Now and Forever"

I've always liked Social Unrest. Jason shows he is a very good singer here, often straddling the line between wimpy and passionate yet never crossing it. They still have a great pop punk sound that loses little of its melody with increases in speed. You could compare them to M.I.A. and a speeded up Social Distortion, yet they don't grind a good thing into the ground. They are not afraid of varying the pace and style. If you're a Cretin K-OS fan he sings lead vocals on "Hand Cuffs Too Tight." They even do a version of the Buzzcocks classic "Ever Fallen in Love?" It's played fairly straight but a bit faster than the original. I also like the rain sounds on "Red Army Drug War." Lyrically they are intriguing and often abstract, talking about the famous, drugs, peoples images' and religion. Not all the cuts jive on both levels, but The first and third tunes, especially "I'm the Nation" are alone worth the price of the record.
(Libertine / P.O. Box 988 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Thomas

SONIC YOUTH-"Daydream Nation"

Fuck you, too, Kim. I lift the needle off the vinyl before it digs into the center of side one. Three more sides to go. Not until side four was I pleased to find that Sonic Youth nirvana coming into my mind once again. Then I start all over to discover side one is just as good and sides two and three aren't just filler (that's debatable, but let's not complicate a rave review). The whole thing shreds, o.k.! If southern California adjectives seem cheap, at least I'm not so stupid as to claim that Sonic Youth is too fucking brilliant--that they can do no wrong; who would believe such a foolish thing as that! But how Sonic Youth manages to straddle a world stretched from the battle ridden urban decay of "Rain King," to the subterranean mysteries measured in sublimimal dimensions somewhere along "Eric's Trip"-- well, it's just beyond my verbal comprehension.

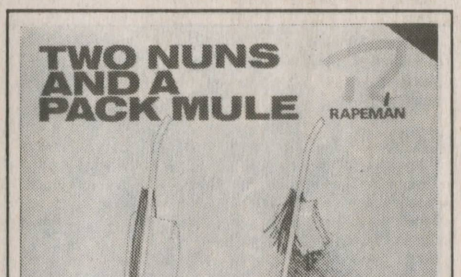
Violence, marketing, daydreams--it all unfurls out of the mythic folds of refurbished tunings, industrial feedback (yes, I had to use that word) hypnotic harmony (jeeze!) some grungy rock and roll, and what sounds like redwood trees burning to a cinder (what's in the bag, Thurston?). I won't exaggerate and claim that I've looped this double album, play it 'round the clock, and set various possessions on fire while losing myself in memories and waking dreams, but that might not be a bad idea. The least you could do is get off your ass, break the music industry piggybank and, "come on down to the store; you can buy some more, more, more, more..."
(Enigma)---chris

SONS OF FREEDOM"Sons of Freedom"

Not trying to sell the Sons short, but all I can think of are comparisons to some of my favorite bands, singers, and guitarists. There's a feel of early U2 (when they were good) and an energy reminiscent of Killing Joke. The all present drums and guitar-that-makes-you-clench-your-teeth lend the songs that rare ability to completely capture your attention. No background musack, here, bub. At times, there's even some stompin' funk to the songs. Real strong debut here; I want more. I just hope their next effort can stay hard, most bands need a crane to get it up, let alone a cock ring to keep it hard.
(Slash Records / P.O. Box 48888 / Los Angeles, CA 90048)---Bag

SORE THROAT-"Unhindered by Talent"

Neanderthal thrash--50 or so horrendous fucking songs in the Napalm Death / Discharge tradition. I don't know if it is on purpose or not, but these guys are the ultimate parody band. Something like the U.K.'s Anarchy 6. I've already listened to this record 300 horrendous times. Except for two songs, one a drinking ditty and the other a Billy Bragg type parody (almost sincere sounding), these corkers consist of horrendous bursts of noise and unintelligible growls. The best thing about them is that they mock the whole hardcore scene. Writing one line



wonders, where the titles are often longer than the song, Sore Throat pick on M.D.C., D.R.I., the Exploited as well as punk trends such as "The Cross Over is Over." Using their favorite H-word there seems to be a bit of homage to punk as well as parody. The same goes for the musić which can have some of Discharge's best qualities at times. Some of the lyrics even appear totally serious. Take it whatever horrendous fucking way you will.
(Weasel Records / P.O. Box 1274 / Manhattan Beach, CA 90266)--- Thomas

SOUL ASYLUM-"Cataract Clam Dip and Other Delights"

About the best thing on this record is the cover. A man covered in clam dip, puke and other grotesque sauces, sits staring quizzically at some flowers resting in his arms (it's a take off of Herb Alpert's Whip Cream and Other Delights). What does this say about the music? Pretty much nothing. In fact, the press release inside says there's not much to be said about Soul Asylum. Oh sure, I can reconfirm what you already know about their music: tight, driving, intricate, pop. And that's the extent of it. Soul Asylum succeeds in each category, as usual, and remains interesting. But then again, interesting is a boring word, which is about all I can say about this disc.
(Twin\Tone Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. South / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Ant

SOUND GARDEN-"Ultramega OK"

I drew the short straw, and so I'll be reviewing this issue's Sound Gardem record. To start off, even if the indecipherable lyrics are their master's dissertaion on Foucault set to music, this record still comes off as pedestrian Zeppelin influenced hard-rock. For all their posturing in naming such bands as the Butthole Surfers and the Stooges as influences, this still has as much edge as a rusty tin can. They come across like Whitesnake with a high school diploma. Where's "Houses of the Holy" when you really need it?
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Mark

A SPLIT - SECOND-"Mambo Witch"

Why anyone would want to listen to this long 12 inch single is beyond me. If you want to hear synthesizer reminiscent of the Beverly Hills Cop theme with vocals that sound like angry supreme court justices, go ahead.
(Wax Trax Records / 2445 North Lincoln Ave. / Chicago, IL 60614)---Flint

SPERMBIRDS-"Something To Prove"

Decent pop-hardcore from Germany that didnt' move me all that much. The diversity of styles helps somewhat (Buzzcocks to Minor Threat to a guitar sound annoyingly reminiscent of mega bores U2.) The lyrics don't help much either. There's a good cover of Agent Orange's "Bloodstain's" though.
(Boner Records / P.O. Box 2081 / Berkeley, CA 94702)---Mark

SPONGETUNNEL-Morons and Monsters"

Yuck. Talk about goofy, these guys give the word new meaning. Cars, dinosaurs and confused underdogs are the intellectual staple of this band. I just can't take this kind of silliness with a grain of Ajax. The trouble is, I can't tell if this is a joke, or a real Spinal Tap. There's just not enough room for wannabe rock stars in a world already crowded with mediocre night club acts.

(Underdog Records / P.O. Box 14182 / Chicago, ILL 60614)---Ant

STARS AND STRIPES-"Shaved For Battle"

These "geezers" have captured the essential power of the "oi" sound. Hinting at the sledgehammer pound of early Angelic Upstarts, and more controlled than the anarchic lunacy of the Cockney Rejects, the guitar is not too heavy and the melodies are plenty strong enough to capture your attention. In fact, Stars and Stripes only weakness seems to be an acute lack of diversity vis-a-vis subject matter. And said subject matter usually concerns fighting a nameless non-skinhead entity, referred to in the form of "you," "them," or other such generalities. The question is, does offing those one believes are in one's way actually work? I doubt it. The concept of universal harmony via skinhead power is somewhat less than appealing to me. Nor is any other "unification." My rejection of such power and authority would certainly cause me undue bodily harm.
(Patriot Records / 9 Center St. / Providence, MA 02657)---Brian

STATE OF THE UNION-"DC Benefit Compilation"

The D.C. scene gives their own version of the State of the Union Message on this benefit compilation. With Reagan's slant the State of the Union Message has become a political device to rally the public around the flag, and let the Republicans (and Democrats) pat each other on the butt. As the middle class shrinks and American society gets more and more polarized we're all told how much better off we are and blissfully ignore our surrounding culture as it goes down the drain. So, the D.C. punk contingent attempts to blast a hole in all this positive drivel.

The Scream open this album with a great slow but powerful number called "Ameri-Dub" that features Malcolm-X talking. Many up and coming and already gone D.C. groups get a chance to show there wares here. Other excellent cuts are by Marginal Man, One last Word (featuring the members of Rites of Spring: Eddie, Mike, Guy and Brendan), Fugazi, Rain (with Bert), and 3 (Jeff Nelson's band who have broken up). Quality

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is up and down with the other cuts, but the funds go to the ACLU, an excellent organization who deserve your support. (Fuck Dukakis for not defending them--what a wimp).
(Dischord Records / 3819 Beecher St. NW / Washington, DC 20007)---Thomas

STEEL POLE BATH TUB-"Butterfly Love"

Wandering Minstrels, these three maniacal guys, who have finally settled in one of my favorite places, the SF Bay Area. They play loud, heavy, harsh, guitar damage music that borders on heavy metal. However, these guys need something that distinguishes them--something a bit more bizarre--to get into my book of the avant noise bands. Yes, the Butthole's are still kings of that scene. However, having never seen them live, I will give Steel Pole Bath Tub a chance to redeem themselves and save their souls from the metal asylum.
(Boner Records / P.O. Box 2081 / Berkeley, CA 94702)---Ms. Print

STRIPMINERS-"Stripminers"

A band from Rochester (of all places) that kicks up a pop/feedback racket that's a bit like Dinosaur Jr.. Trouble is, the record does not display much personality or tunefulness, and tedium sets in pretty quick (especially for an e.p.). Probably destined for the vinyl graveyard and collections of Rochester completists.
(Community 3 / 416 E. 13th Street #12 / N.Y.C. 10009)---Mark

STUKAS OVER BEDROCK-"The Age Of Aquariums"

Truncated, this would have made a decent 4-song e.p. with 'The City', 'Sticky Shoe', 'Japanese Chicken Trees' and 'Rip It Out'. However, the rest is dross, being neither funny, tuneful or memorable.
(Happy Squid Records / P.O. Box 94565 / Pasadena, CA 91109-4565)---Mark

SUCKDOG-"Drugs Are Nice"

By now, Lisa has achieved a mystical if not legendary status in my life. Every now and then a story finds it way over here from the East Coast re Lisa's somewhat dubious on-stage antics. Enquiring minds must wonder what parts of these stories are embellishments, as well as what disgusting, repulsive facts have been filtered out in the journey west. What I'm getting at is: AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY IS IN ORDER. We want facts. We want times; places; forms; events. And we want them now. This new album is worth the price for the cover alone. What to do with the record is the only problem. It's the same kind of girly childish shit that was on the last one (Holly ex-Flipside, are you out there?). In all honesty, it takes an incredibly concentrated effort to sit through even one side of Lisa's record. And you've

got to have a high tolerance for noise. If you love bratty, noisey, spoilt kids, this is up your alley. It's as if a bunch of trailer-park white-trash children were set loose with tape recorders for the first time. Which reminds me...I used to go out with a trashy bleached blonde who loved/hated me. She lived in a motel in the most hideous section of Anaheim. She hit me and spit in my face when we fought. We were perfect for each other. She would have loved this record.
(P.O. Box 1491 / Dover, NH 03820)---Brian

SWALLOW-"Swallow"

Why is it that every record I've heard from Seattle lately (with the partial exception of Skin Yard) sounds like the same bunch of burned out hard rock hippies playing the same neo-70s tunes? We're breaking new ground here, lads..."It's been hard since you've been gone...hard to get along..." Is this Green River or Mudhoney? "You left me out in the cold..." You poor guy. Somebody should have told you, dames ain't worth the trouble.
(Sub Pop / 1932-1st Ave, Suite 1102 / Seattle, WA 98101)---Brian

TAD-"God's Balls"

It's likely that in Seattle, Tad Doyle has achieved some level of cult status. Included with the album is a poster that indulges the face of band leader Doyle. The album title and the two sides ("Jesus" and "Judas") convey some obsession with religion. Supposing there were a Tad cult, it's not hard to picture what they would be like, if they bore any resemblance to the music. Many would be overweight, wearing dingy black leather uniforms, carrying belts equipped with exotic medical supplies. Each would have his own chain saw with Satan engraved into the chassis, acting as body guards for Japanese yakuzas who are smuggling biochips from the U.S. into Canada. They would have implants in their heads channelling massive guitar sounds mixed with delay and distortion. The beat would be slow and driving, matching the lurching pace of their oversized bodies. Their eyes would have the far away look of war veterans, since they would be refugees of violent chemical warfare experiments done by the CIA. It goes to show, when someone starts talking about God's balls, they better damn well mean it. In this case, I don't think Tad is joking. They'll kick your ass.
(Sub Pop Records / P.O. Box 20645 / Seattle, WA. 98102)---Ant

TAR-"Handsome"

Tar have a great big sound. Once again a Chicago band makes good. They combine elements of a more noisy Naked Raygun sound, with Big Black noise and Breaking Circus melodic firepower. The vocals are strong. Everything just jumps out at you. Good stuff. This label keeps putting out vinyl to keep an eye out for.
(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. South / Minneapolis, MN 55405)---Thomas

THE THING THAT ATE FLOYD-Compilation

Whew! 34 bands on two 12 inch records. These records document punk bands from Northern Cal. and spaces in between, several of which probably aren't on maps. Performance-wise, this is pretty consistent, with few bands falling below decent. As with any project of this magnitude, it's pretty hard to get a handle on any one band, but in my humble opinion, the best bands on here are Cringer, Eyeball, Kamala and the Karnivores, Well Hung Monks, Sweet Babys, Steelpole Bathtub, and Sewer Trout with the incredible "Vagina Envy".
(Mordam Records / P.O. Box 988 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Mark

THE THREE JOHNS-"The Death of Everything"

Comprised of a cat from the Mekons, two guys named "John", and a drum machine, the Johns make a noise slightly similar to the Gang of 4 (lazy comparison) though less brittly leftist (and with a sense of humor). Without boring you with all the political and social insights in the lyrics, suffice it to say that they are all generally excellent, notably "Bullshitiaco" and "Nonsense From My Song Machine". Musically, riffs and guitar noise careen all over the place, and "Spin Me Round" rips and re-writes a page from the cult's song book. The only bummer here is "Go Ahead Bikini" but this only barely weighs down the package. This band's been putting out good records for awhile now and ya check 'em out.
(Caroline Records / 5 Crosby St. / New York, NY 10013)---Mark

TRAGIC MULATTO-"Hot Man Pussy"

In their earlier days, Tragic Mulatto were like a cabaret of mutants parading on stage with their x-rated singer dancing around like Witchy Poo on Cool Whip. I am, therefore, surprised to find such a high level of musicianship on their latest release, Hot Man Pussy. Tragic Mulatto's distinctly San Francisco brand of tribalness is spearheaded by the intense vocals of the underground queen, Fistula L. Roth. Perhaps the crudest band to come from this region (that's saying a lot), the listener can be expected to be assaulted in all forms by these alien punkers. Unfortunately, their offensiveness is not conveyed clearly enough on disc because so much of it is visual. However, there is a steady diet of noise to please all those acid vamps out there in need of a good industrial fix.
(Alternative Tentacles / P.O. Box 11458 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Ant

TROTSKY ICEPICK-"Baby"

Second album by these South Bay humans finds a slightly heavier, albeit "poppy" sound in comparison to the first one. One can't help hearing the ghosts of the members' former bands (100 Flowers, Last) on it. "Pillars of Salt" is 100% 100 Flowers, and I'm almost certain the unnamed "[ ]" is also that band's material. Vitus Matare's whiney voice might be an acquired taste, though. In spite of swell-written songs like "A Little Push at the Top of the Stairs" and "Big Daddy," some may be put off by this sound. Rumor has it this beast took ages to mix. Great jacket.
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Brian

TUPELO CHAIN SEX-"4"

If you've heard Tupelo before, you know what to expect, so buy this record if you like 'em. If you haven't heard of Tupelo, listen up: Salsa ala Carmen Miranda meets Madness, and tight musicianship. This is a good record to play if you want a samba line to form.
(Cargo Records / 1180 Saint Antoine Street, West / Montreal, Quebec H3C 1B4)---Flint

U.K. SUBS-"Motivator"

Sorry, but this one arrived in pieces. Too bad 'cause I would liked to have heard it.
(???)---Thomas

UNDERDOG-"The Vanishing Point"

After reading some of the reviews in the press release comparing Underdog to the mighty Bad Brains I was expecting a real treat. Besides a couple of reggae songs I don't know how anyone could have the balls to compare these guys with the Brains. I liked about three songs (two of which were the reggae tunes). This sounds like slow rock metal with bad vocals. This is confusing because the singer sounds great on the reggae songs. Forgettable.
(Caroline / 114 West 26th St. / New York, NY 10001)---Morgan

CHILLY UPTOWN-"I Got Rules"

I do not hate black people. I hate those assholes who re-enforce "black" stereotypes. And this is a man who fits every black stereotype [of rap] that I can think of. Adidas sweats, baseball cap, unlaced high tops, huge gold rope around his neck, the Totally Pretentious arm postures (Oh look at me, aren't I cool). Oh, yeah: that fucking attitude that I'd like to remove with a tire iron. Okay, already, you say. Tell me about the music. Alright, I shall. And you axed for it. I need only mention one song to tell you what the entire album is like. "Your Pregnit" is the type of asswipin' noise that I love to insult. Look, you fucker, it's not just the woman's responsibility for birth control. That posture went out too long ago. Your suckass attitude that you can lay any "bitch" you want and if she gets "pregnit" (you low I.Q. asshole; you can't even spell) it's her problem: not just you are "pregnit", but it's your "pregnit". No wonder people hate you. That kind of stupidity is just inexcusable. You dumb fucks need to enter the twentieth century. There's just no place for cock wads like you. "We will steam roll you, you'll eat our poop." Tesco was never more right. Wise up asshole, and drop the fake posturing, then maybe we'll all be able to live in peace.
(Restless)---Bag

URGE OVERKILL-"Jesus Urge Superstar"

Another like-minded release from Touch and Go. Urge Overkill has that KillDozer/Laughing Hyenas sound that seems to be distinctly Chicago-esque. Grungy guitar riffs, modeled on country Western and bad drugs, back up cigarette-phlegm vocals for a chaotic and melodic attack on pop culture (hence the title of the album). Each breath is like a cough, each instrumental like a tribal nuclear body slam. One notable song (for lyrical content) is "God Flintstone." It conveys a psychedelic interpretation of the Flintstones: "Bedrock is the sky/ with Jesus Christ Rubble/ Sitting on the right hand/ a hand with four big toes/ Now I'm not wigging on Disney anymore/ God Flintstone loves me/ this I know." Another cultural icon bites the dust. Bon appetite!
(Touch and Go / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)---Ant

VICIOUS CIRCLE-"Into The Void"

This is mid-tempo metallic hardcore from Australia. The lyrics aren't bad (1988 deals with the Australian bicentenary and Aboriginal genocide and others deal with Australia's relationship with the U.S.) and the riffs are pretty good, but I don't imagine I'll play this much. Best song: "Shattered".
(Waterfront/Damp Records / P.O. Box A537 / Sydney South 2000 / Australlia)---Mark

VICTIMS FAMILY-"Things I Hate to Admit"

After the first few songs on side one I was ready to chuck this. All the metallic influences played at the speed of sound were melting my brain. You know the stuff, highly technically proficient but just kind of annoying, and worse yet sort of faceless. I hate that speed metal thump thump thump drumming and obligatory solos. Then they began to mix it up a bit. By side two they were into heavy doses of Minutemen and Beefeater type funk and even spots of jazziness. Of course they still were pounding it in precision twists and turns but the guitar parts were more Hendrix and East Bay Ray oriented than Metallica. The more funky and melodic they got, the better I liked the record. They finally ended the album with the title track, an instrumental, which was the most mellow cut on the album, and probably my favorite. So, I guess this Victims Family album would appeal to a crossover audience. Head Bangers should certainly

take note. After almost dismissing this disc as hopeless, I ended up liking a good portion of it. By the way, they do a cool job on the lyric sheet lettering which is similar to how X used to do theirs.
(Mordam Records / P.O. Box 988 / San Francisco, CA 94101)-- Thomas

VICTORY-"Culture Killed the Native"

Good hard rock, without that crappy sound that one has come to expect from rock today. Creative guitar leads, that's what rock needs. That's what these guys give. Hey, it's a little cliche, but who cares...this stuff is good.
(Rhino Records / 2225 Colorado Ave. / Santa Monica, CA 90404)--- Bag

VICTORY ACRES-"Joke Flower"

The Victory Acres Side, which features a couple of the Meat Puppets, is pretty boring. The Joke Flower side which doesn't feature any Meat Puppets, is also pretty boring. At least it's a consistent record.
(Placebo Records / P.O. Box 23316 / Phoenix, AZ 85063)---Mark

The VILE CHERUBS-"Post-Humorous Relief"

I can't relate to this one at all. It left me speechless for a great deal of time. The music is 60's garage style with a bit of psychedelic sound. The hardcore influences add a generic touch. At times a glimpse of hope such as a Mission of Burma wall of noise will well up, but they'll beat it back. Most of the references on the lyric sheet remind me of people who want to reinvent the sixties hippies. In one place it says the Winter of Fear, a nice play on words, but the undertones here reek of the summer of love. Maybe I'm just missing the big picture, the joke, the inspiration or whatever it is that makes this band fly. Please give me a clue.
(Dischord Records / 3819 Beecher St. NW / Washington, DC 20007)---Thomas

VOLCANO SUNS-"Farced"

Ex-Mission of Burma drummer Peter Prescott still writes some wicked songs. I have to admit, I like MOB better, but this stuff is cool. It has that "alternative" feel to it, without sucking a major load. "Farced" is the right platter at the right time. Just when you say, "One more Edie Brickell song...and I cut off a body part!" along comes the grungy bass-infested tune, "Belly Full of Lead." If the Suns can just stay together for one more album, it'll be shear bliss.
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Bag

THE WALKABOUTS-"Cataract"

This Seattle quartet employs a minimum of technique for the fullest effect. Melodies and guitar lines are simple and folksy, yet reveal some dissonance and energy. Their sound is a mish-mash of country, Irish and garage. And don't forget pop. It's a bare bones pop that doesn't use the pretensions of the studio, image or technology to create some big pseudo, commercial farce. Their attitude is straight forward and open; there is no falseness here, even though there can be something a little boring about sincerity.
(Sub Pop Records / P.O. Box 20645 / Seattle, WA. 98102)---Ant

WAR ZONE-"Open Your Eyes"

I'm no politician, I'm no social scientist...I don't even live "on the streets" (and I'm not ashamed to admit it). But if I was so swollen with the pride of being an American, I'd find a way of expressing it that had absolutely nothing to do with "skinheadism". Just like I don't wear a white hood to protect my bald spot from the burning sun, I don't shave my head and don the Doctor Martens (an IMPORTED brand of shoe, by the way) to express my American pride. Even if you're not a racist, you don't want to get your head kicked in, know what I mean? So why the hell, if these "good skinheads" are not racists, do they wear the colors of the "bad skinheads", who ARE racists? (And why does the bass player of this band look suspiciously like Dodger pitcher Orel Hershiser? And why do they exist?) And they write songs to show that they're "good skinheads". This confounds me. Hey, I'm just a white and middle class guy, and this confuses me. I can forgive these guys for playing thrash music...an adrenaline rush is just fine in my book. But you can't expect me to forgive them for being stupid.
(Caroline / 5 Crosby St. / New York, NY 10013)---Brian

THE WATERBOYS-"Fisherman's Blues"

Despite all its Gaelic associations, this...uh...flopping catch exhibits a blanditude likely to unhinge only the most tolerant of folkies. Somewhere in there amidst the Dire Straits- ish amblings and Al Stewart-ish yawn-alongs, the ideal, patient auditor is to find a few melodic patches, a couple of musical jokes, and even a decent little fiddle tune, but the album's pervasive mellow-mindedness makes for mighty choresome listening.

The promisingly-titled "And a Bang on the Ear" turns out to be a sappy, quasi-autobiographical ballad cataloging the, like, Significant Others with whom the singer has shared himself, while "Strange Boat" and "World Party" attempt, alas, to allegorize a bit of yer basic New Age Worker theory. All of this, however, represents ass-kicking savagery in comparison to "The Stolen Child," the record's obligatory folk-opus. The lyrics are from an early Yeats poem, and as such involve the seduction of a rustic toddler (or, perhaps, infantile peasant) by some fairies. Things fall apart as guest reader Tomas McKeown feigns obliviousness not only to the sickly surges engulfing him but also to the sound of frontman Mike Scott soulfully wailing along in his ear--truly piteous, it all is. Plus there's a flute. Fortunately, the album also contains redemptive moments, as in

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"Has Anybody here seen Hank," where clueless sentimentality gives way to a gently ironic lament for the late Hiram Williams. Still, I'm not sure if that's quite enough.
(Chrysalis Records / 645 Madison Ave. / New York, NY 10022)---Les

THE WAXMEN-"Slick View"

There are a lot of familiar styles showing here from Siouxsie-like swirling mystical sounds, to Talking Heads-type avant guard, to Blondie-new wave, to Legal Weapon-hard rock, to the Minutemen-funk punk, to Death Ride 69-tribal beats, to surf, and even cow punk, but none of this gives an adequate description of the Waxmen's sound. I would put it in a new wave mold, sometimes atmospheric and other times pumping away. All the members of this three piece sing with the majority of the vocal duties going to the quite capable Mary Domhan. Songs like "Twist Your Face" and "Spies" I found very agreeable.
(Vital Music Records / 263 E. 10th St. / NYC, NY 10009)---Thomas

WEATHER THEATRE-"Weather Theatre"

Weather Theatre are a Seattle based quartet that make you wonder how many days in a row it's rained without stopping. Their depression is awfully deep, so it's probably been about a month since they last saw the sun. Their music is dirge-like, similar to The Smiths, but less interesting. It's usually very easy to listen to, but its lack of energy makes it real difficult to generate any enthusiasm about them. One song in particular, "Persian Carpets," had a bass line so monotonous, it almost made me eat my own shoe.
(Sun Steel / P.O. Box 31255 / Seattle, WA 98103)---Flint

WHAT SURF III

This compilation starts off with a bang via the Ten Foot Faces' version of Zappa's "Lumpy Gravy", in which bassist Tony Fernandez blows some of this best clarinet, inexplicably buried deep in the mix. Sadly, this lineup proved short-lived as Tony left shortly thereafter, bound for a life of obscurity, his hopes and dreams unfulfilled, his only solace his bottle and his only comfort his liederhosen.

Elsewhere, there is a good (as usual) Agent Orange track, and two good songs by the Shockwaves and the Unknowns. The only weak tracks are by Kip and (sorry) Sandy Nelson. Another good What Surf Compilation from Chris Ashford.
(Iloki Records / P.O. Box 49593 / Los Angeles, CA 90049)---Mark

WIRE-"Eardrum Buzz"

Wire is a great band. All their records have been insightful and, to me, they seem perfectionists. "Eardrum Buzz" is an excellent song. But do they take themselves too seriously? On how many different records, and in how many different formats, can one put the same songs, sometimes re-recorded, sometimes with no or different vocals? How long will the fans buy it? More and more bands do this nowadays, as if they think (or at least hope) we fans have endless mounds of cash sitting around to buy, buy, buy. Well we don't.
(Enigma Records / 11264 Playa Court. P.O. Box 3628 / Culver City, CA 90231)---Brian

WHITE ZOMBIE-"Make Them Die Slowly"

This is crunch metal like Metallica used to play before they got so big. They're better than Slayer ever was, yet they sound like both bands. Hailing from NYC, I hope they play here soon, I'd love to see them live. Great balance of music/noise.
(Caroline Records / 114 West 26th Street / New York, NY 10016)-- Bag

THE WITNESSES-"Scene of The Crime"

"There is one thing that burns me up more than bull dykes..." and that's important music. I couldn't give a hairy rat's ass about what is important or not in music. I just know what I like. So fuck promoters that label a band as "necessary." I also couldn't care less when these guys formed up. Are they tryin' to tell me that just because they formed back in the Sex Pistols's heyday (sounds to me like they're tryin' to cling to the SPs name) that makes them good? Bullshit. These guys play music that Anyone could. They sound no different from the multitudinous bands that exist now. So don't try and steam roll me, buddy. Absolute middle of the road pop rock. Take it or leave it.
(Raizer Records / P.O. Box 146639 / San Francisco, CA 94114-6639)---Bag

WRECKING CREW-"Balance of Terror"

To be in this kind of band
You've got to take a stand
Your lyrics have got to rhyme
On every second line
Got to show the world you're irate
Your record be up to date
That's why on the cover you put
Not Reagan, but President Bush.
(Hawker Records / 225 Lafayette St., Suite 709 / New York, NY 10012)---Brian

YANOMAMOS-"Quizas"

I'll support to the death anybody's right to take immense amounts of drugs and jam, but must they slap it on two sides of a record, slap a sticker on it advertising that it contains an ex-Husker Du member (Grant Hart), and foist it on an unsuspecting public? I guess this is just about the last gasp for New Alliance, now that they've been absorbed by SST.
(New Alliance Records / P.O. Box 1389 / Lawndale, CA 90260)-- Mark

THE YOUNG GODS-"L'Amourir"

During my 1986 trip to southern France, I was unfortunate enough to stumble upon an S&M hermitage in the hills north of Cannes. After some days in solitary confinement, my unkindly hosts and hostesses saw fit to bind me up in women's undergarments, suspend me by my feet from a chandelier, and pour French onion soup down my nostrils. Already having been deprived of nutrition for nearly a week, I gratefully accepted this soup as a newfound source of strength. "Filthy Americannnn!," they screamed at me. After the ceremony, they let me down and we all had a good laugh. Then we donned our bondage gear and danced to the beat of the house band: The Young Gods.
(Wax Trax Records / 2445 North Lincoln Ave. / Chicago, IL 60614) ---Brian

ZOOGZ RIFT-"Murdering Hell's Happy Cretin's"

The man, the myth, the legend is captured on his own live record. One side is in Holland and the other is in L.A. That seems to be neither a help nor hindrance to Zoogz. This guy Rift still dabbles in dada-esque-capades and Beefhartisms which can often be quite pleasant. Zoogz on the other hand is disgusting, like your embarrassing uncle who can't shut up his babbling gums. Yet he is entertaining too as he re-interprets

myths and fables with himself at the center of each. A large part of this album is devoted to tour spieling, as the liner notes and the song "Mongoloid Middle America" attest. Zoogz even has an intellectual side where he relays his philosphy which seems to make good sense, but after listening to some yuch, fart, yuch, belch songs its hard to take him seriously.
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Thomas

ZOOGZ RIFT-"Nonentity"

For the most part, this is moderately interesting jazzy instrumental noodling. The exceptions are two good covers, one of Tim Buckley and one of good ol' John Trubee. However, by far the best part of this is the hilarious liner notes, which relate the sordid tale of a night out with the pope, and the promotional insert, unfortunately not available to the hapless ordinary consumer. So kids if yer without cash and in need of a good laugh, bop on down to your local record store flip that Zoogz Rift L.P. and start a-chucklin'.
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Mark

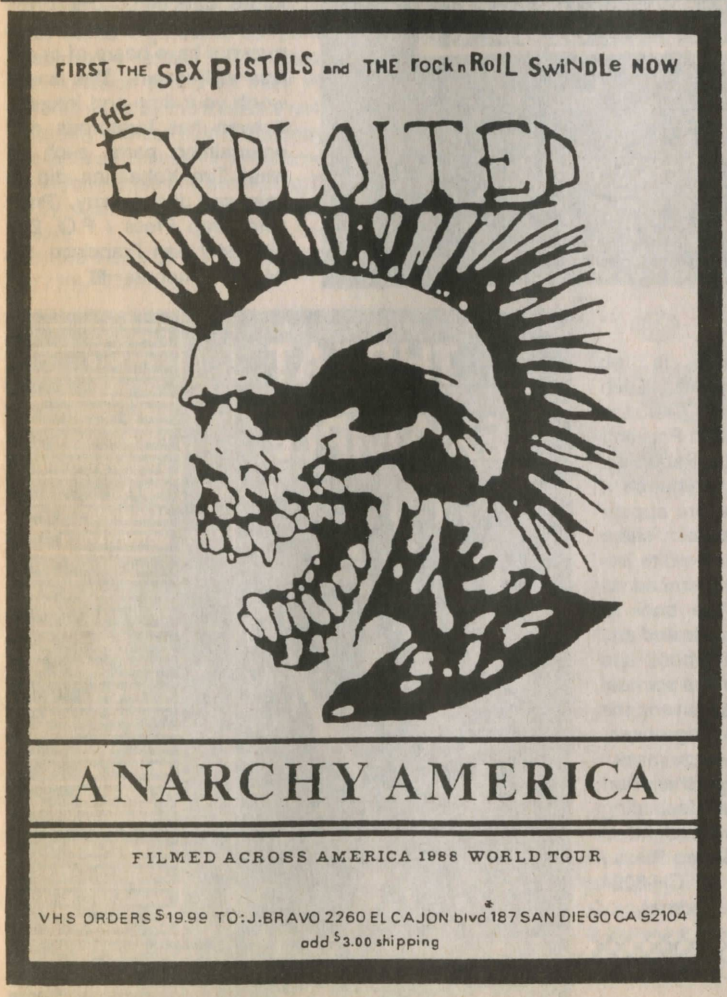
THE ZULUS-"Down On the Floor"

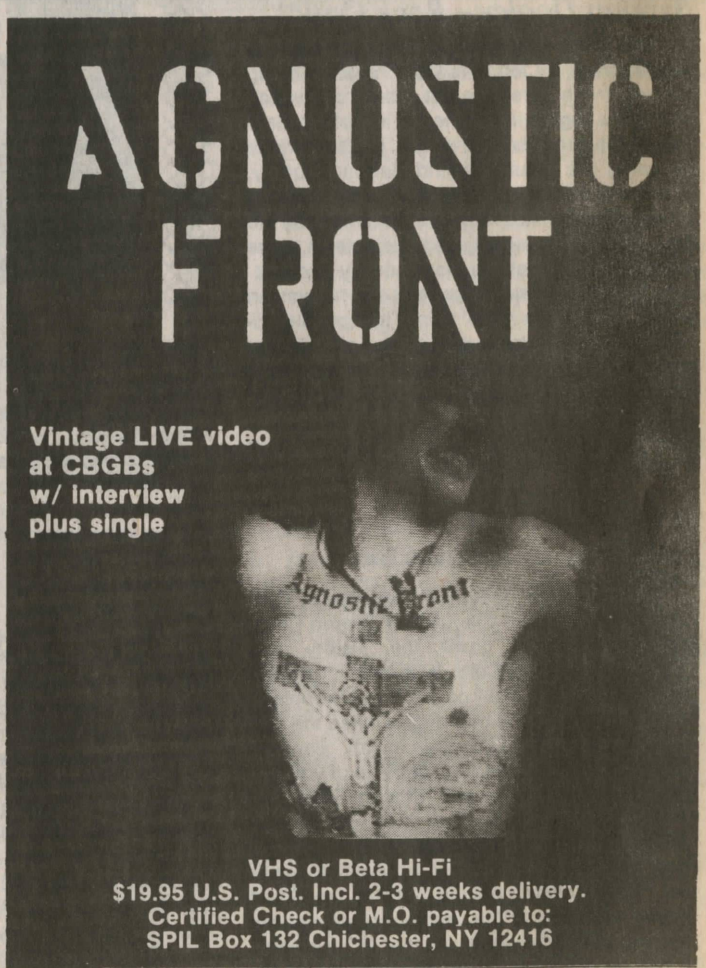
I can hear a lot of different styles here: nothing actively bad, but this album sounds like a compilation of INXS, R.E.M., King Crimson, et al. There is nothing wrong with diversity or having a lot to say or differing ways of saying it, but they don't really have a unifying sound. If they improved that, I'd really dig this tribe's next album.
(Slash Records / P.O. Box 48888 / Los Angeles, CA 90048)---Bag

Video

NITRO-"Freight Train"

Nitro is the greatest band in the world. They make **Guns n Roses** and **Poison** look like wimps. As they claim, Nitro are the "fastest, loudest, highest sound around". They are so loud that they literally "brought the house down" by intensely collapsing a Detroit ceiling with sound. Now, in the interest of safety for Nitro's fans, clubs check their structural soundness before letting Nitro play. The guitarist is the most amazing guy, though. He can play his guitar solos in almost any position. He also has an X-shaped guitar with four necks, which he can play solos on. He is really fast. He is so fast, in fact, that at a recent "Guitar Heros" jam in Japan, one guitarist told him, "You are so fast, you make the rest of us look slow!" The singer has a six octave range and shatters real crystal goblets with his voice. He even shattered the camera lens during the video shoot. Imagine that! His voice is so high that when Al played Nitro really loud in his house, all the fleas died. And he has a really cool hairstyle, which I'm sure will catch on in the L.A. club circuit once Nitro starts getting major airplay. Some people say that Nitro are a joke band, but I don't think so. People are always ragging on the new cool thing, until it gets big, then they say that they were into it from the beginning. I state right here and now: I love Nitro just the way they are, and I love them right now. It is 11:08pm on June 30, 1989. I hope we get their album.
(Rhino Records/Video / 6565 Sunset Blvd., Suite 522 / Hollywood, CA 90028)---Brian ■





BOOKS

Baboon Dooley – Rock Critic!

This is the long awaited review of the long awaited book, by John Crawford. Besides being the only living person to eat a case of low-salt Spam at a vegatarian gathering in Golden Gate Park in the summer of love, J.C. is also famous for being the genius behind Baboon Dooley; both feats worthy of greatness. Beside being the absolute funniest comic strip during my life time, Crawford's vacant eyed character is, more importantly, the vehicle that honestly and critically looks the world in the face and reflects an image that makes more than a few people uncomfortable and down-right pissed-off. His images convey a blunt truthfulness that leaves the likes of Henry Rollins and Jello Biafra appear mere lightweights.
(Popular Reality Press / P.O. Box 11551 / Eugene, Oregon 97401)-- Steve

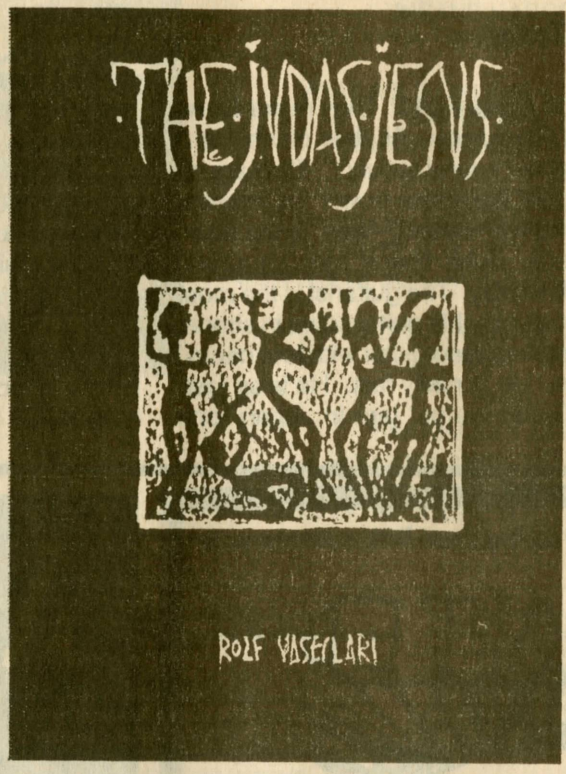
BANNED IN D.C.

Photos and anecdotes from the DC Punk underground (79-85)

This mega-great document compiled by Cynthia Connelly, Leslie Clague and Sharon Cheslow, painstakingly cover the history and development of harDCore. With over 400 quality photos filling 180 glossy pages; they chronologically take us on a trip that begins when the Bad Brains were closer to jazz than to Jah. "Banned" should be required reading for those of you that think DC is just the home of "Straight Edge" and Minor Threat. The book is filled with quotes, stories and general conversation from the early punk scenesters to the latter-day political punks that keep things cooking outside the South African embassy. This document covers the diversity in bands and styles that DC spawned, while illustrating the rare cohesiveness of the scene, that is absent in other major cities like Los Angeles, New York, San Francisco and Fresno. ($12 ppd. in the U.S. $15.00 ppd. to Canada and all other countries: from to Sun Dog Propaganda / P.O. Box 9743 / Washington D.C. 20016)--Steve

THE JUDASJESUS

This is a big thick book with poetry, art, photos and ramblings from actors such as Bud Cort and William Dafoe, but the concentration is on musician's writings and art. Such people as Jello Biafra, Thurston Moore, Richard Hell, Ethan Port and Mark Erskind (of Savage Republic), Graeme Revell (SPK) and a bunch of other eclectic noise makers appear to make statements or share thoughts. The black and white images are effectively transmited to high quality paper. The book is definitely on the avant garde and arty side. The said result of the book is to show the "vital interest in the spiritual ethos of our age. The demon and the god, the mystic and the drag-queen, the androgyne and the stage mask." I thought the pieces by Ethan Port and Jello Biafra were quite fasinating as well as the art by Mark Erskind.
($20.00 ppd. to Black Sheep Press / Zypressenstrasse 82 / CH-8004 Zurich SWITZERLAND)--Thomas

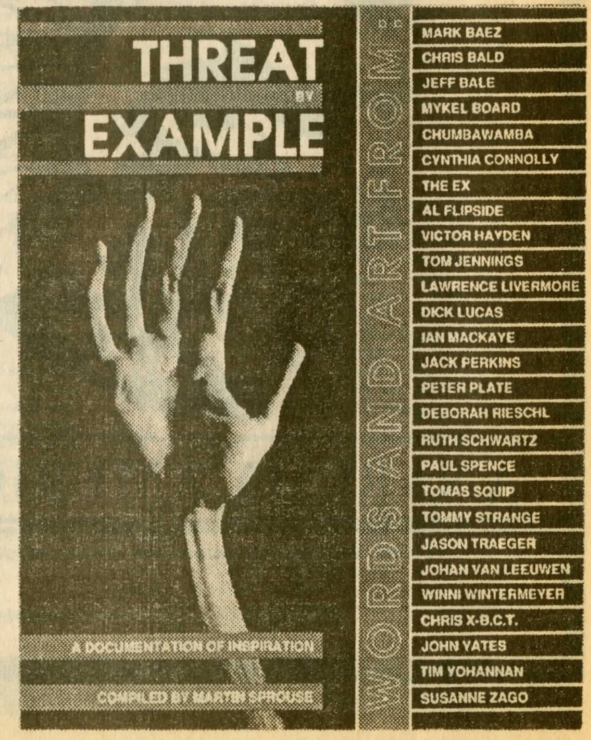


NEXUS

Bob Moore of Noise magazine who also put out some great cassette compilations is back with a collegiate press project. Nexus is a poetry filled magazine. With an Eastern theme (Japanese) it's graphically highly stylized and cleanly laid out. Moore even sneaks in a few record reviews at the end of these many pages of poetry.
(Wright State University / 006 University Center / Dayton, Ohio 45435)---Thomas

THREAT by EXAMPLE

Yeah, I really like the idea behind this book--take those artists of inspiration and see what makes them tick. For the most part Martin Sprouse does an excellent job in capturing and freezing his subjects in time, not only to give you a taste of what they are, but also how they got there. Spinning tales; these people relate the paths that got them to the present and indicate a future direction. He gives some insight to people you may not have heard of or are less well known. This is well worth your time and interest. It even has humorous and entertaining parts, such as what Tim Yohannan did to keep out of the army. (Pressure Drop Press / P.O. Box 560754 / San Francisco, CA 94146)---Thomas ■



CD's

BAD BRAINS-"Attitude: The Roir Sessions"

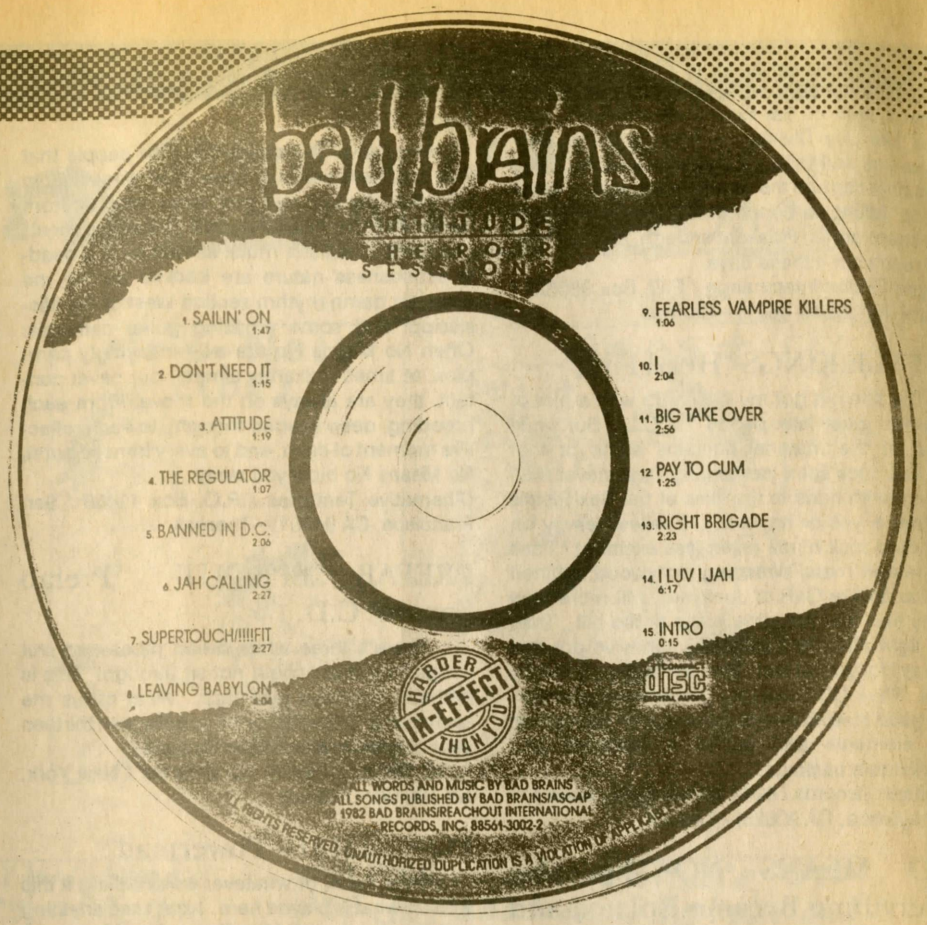
These sustaining power chords could only be the work of the Bad Brains. The Brains' are absolutely it. HR is a fantastic vocalist who says every word with passion and precision no matter what the speed. The electrical current does double time here. Life flows. Unrelenting waves of anger and strength flood the ears. I don't care what you do, just don't ever tell me you missed out on this band.
(Relativity / 187-07 Henderson Ave / Hollis, NY 11423)---Thomas

BANDS ONLY A MUTHA COULD LOVE-Vol I

This is the kind of thing that makes punk rock look bad. First off we have the generic cover drawing of a skinhead with a knife. Next we have 37 cuts of which about eight are listenable, and only four more than once. These bands, most of which are from North America (although a couple are from Europe), range from punk to thrash, to Stooges, to power pop, to noise, etc... The CMBT song that puts down Ollie North (cut #3) is not bad. Cut number four by No Mind, despite an awfully horrible lead to start it off, has a funny enough theme to forgive that error (this guy wants to get rid of his "perfect," but entirely despicable family). The Blisters get a nice Ramonesish sound on track #8. Cut number twenty eight by the X-Men is not bad either. The majority of these cuts like Bloody Mess (#27) are so lame as to deserve no comment at all. I guess everyone could find something they like here but they're almost as likely to find 36 things they don't.
(Mutha Records / P.O. Box 313 / Belmar, NJ 07719)---Thomas

THE BEST OF RODNEY ON THE ROQ-"Various Artists"

Rodney is an L.A. D.J. who introduced some great new wave and punk music to Los Angeles while helping to make his little station into a power house in the Southern California radio market. Using punk rock bands such as Social



Distortion and the Vandals for novelty and new wave such as Oingo Boingo for mainstays KROQ became L.A.'s number one station. What the glowing Posh Boy write-up that accompanies this CD fails to mention is that they never allowed Rodney to reach a much wider audience, leaving him only on his weekend slots. Eventually they even droped much of their innovative prime time new wave programming for English disco synth bands and appropriately dropped back into the generic radio pack. Rodney still has his show and over the years has put out a number of records show casing his typical nights work at the station. You can always count on Rodney to play a few great songs by the likes of Agent Orange, the Adolescents, and T.S.O.L. as well as some wimpy new wave or pop acts. Although on some songs the sound quality suffers with the transfer to CD at least half of these songs are really good and with a CD it's so easy to skip to your favorite cuts.
(Posh Boy / P.O. Box 4474 / Palm Desert, CA 92261-4474)---Thomas

BLACK & WHITE-"Rainbow Bar & Girls"

Run DMC and Aerosmith already did this concept much better. Those groups combined the best elements of metal and rap. These groups do not. It's good that they're getting together and breaking down barriers, staying off the streets, and making money. So, I guess it's for the best. You too can help keep these guys from a life of crime in South Central L.A. and a life of sleaze in Hollywood.
(Atlantic / 6565 Sunset Blvd., Suite 522 / Hollywood, CA 90028)---Thomas

DEATH RIDE '69-"The C.D."

Death Ride '69 manages to combine driving rock n' roll with a tribal beat and a little psychedelia to come up with a sound that is both pitch dark and trance like. They don't really fit in with the bands like Christian Death, because the sound is more rock oriented, their look is less crucial to their sound, and their writing has a bit more irony. They do a good cover of the Stooges "1969," but "State of Decay" has to be my pick of the album. It's a great CD for parties as well. Just get out the dayglow and a cow skull or two and away you go.
($12.00 ppd. to Little Sister Records / P.O. Box 1282 / Pacific Palisades, CA 90272)---Thomas

GREY DAYS-"Grey Days"

This is much better than the Velvascurge CD on the same label, but it's not that exciting either.

It has a little of the Euro-disco element, post punk like Joy Division & Echo and the Bunnymen, as well as some darker influences. Grey days only capture the weaker moments of these bands, failing to punch on and really bite with any sharp edge. Pleasant enough, but that really doesn't cut it these days.
(Esync Ocular Interchange / P.O. Box 380621 / Miami, FL 33238- 0621)---Thomas

LITTLE KINGS-"Head First"

The title cut got my hopes up with a hint of Weirdos meet later-period T.S.O.L. But while most of the material contains some of that T.S.O.L. rock spirit (something I was never really into) with nods to the likes of the Sex Pistols (is that a yes or no nod?), it relies heavily on standard rock n' roll (even less exciting). Fans of the new metal sweeping Hollywood, defined by bands like GnR or Junkyard, will more than likely find that the Little Kings fit the bill. They are tight and often powerful. They've got that sleazy Hollywood feel. They avoid the pretty boy look. Their CD looks very professional and they are good at what they do--therefore it appears all the elements add up to a complete and marketable package.
(Epitaph Records / 6201 Sunset Blvd., Suite 111 / Hollywood, CA 90028)---Thomas

NO MEANS NO-"The Day Everything Became Isolated and Destroyed"

Alternative Tentacles, the wise people that they are, have sensibly seen fit to re-release, in CD form, the last two marvelous records from Canada's most deadly export. Diabolical vocals and lyrics of sinister-mock as well as of a deadly seriousness nature are backed by the the meanest damn rhythm section West of the Mississippi and some amazing guitar catharsis. Often No Means No are awe inspiringly complex, at times brilliantly simple, but never content, they are always on the move. From each brooding deep seeded thought, to each reflective moment of calm, and to every frenetic burst, No Means No blow you away.
(Alternative Tentacles / P.O. Box 11458 / San Francisco, CA 94101)---Thomas

PREFAB SPROUT- "Prefab Sprout" C.D.

There's three white bread processed shit songs here that I could not sit through. This is pathetic repetitive fake jazz. What blows me away is that it'll probably be popular with thirteen year olds and sell millions of copies.
(CBS Records / 51 W. 52nd Street / New York, NY 10019)---Thomas

POWERMAD-"Powermad"

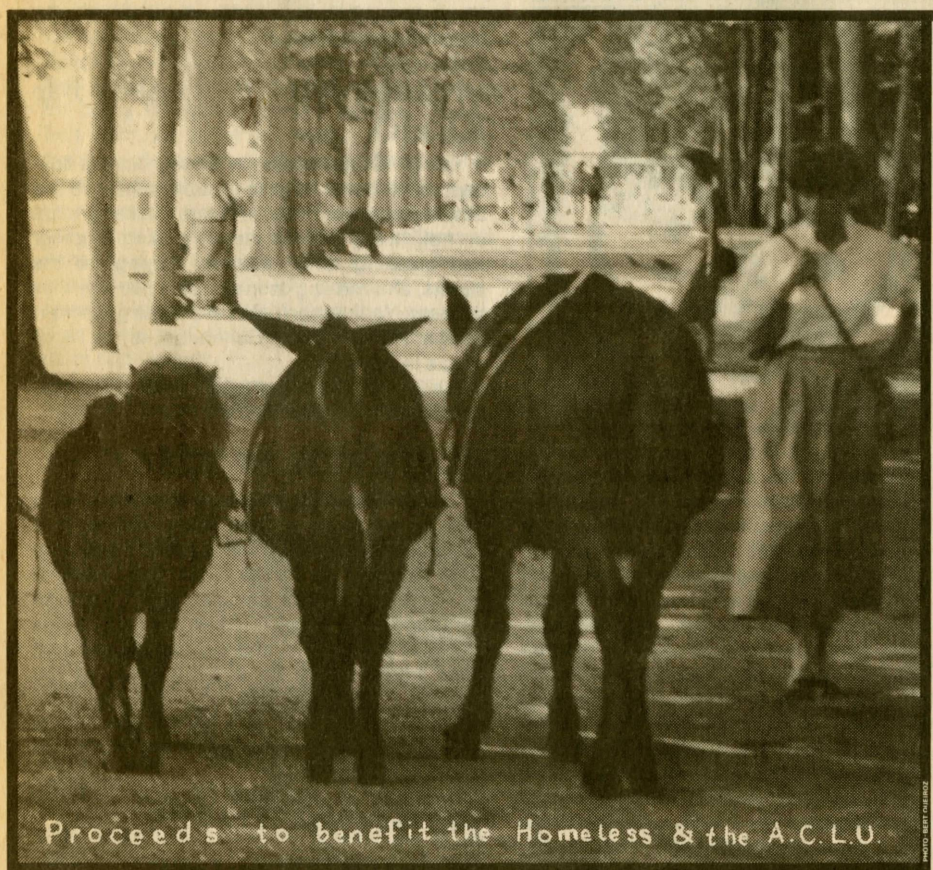
Power metal or whatever we're calling it this week is what is played here. I don't see anything to keep your typical Metallica or Excel fan away. It's loud, fast, technically competent, a little repetitive and from Minneapolis.
(431 South 7th Street, #2424 / Minneapolis, MN 55415)---Thomas

STEAL THIS DISC 2-"Compilation"

This is an excellent sampler. It'll introduce you to a large variety of styles from Celtic string music to African Pop and much more. As well as an excellent range of artists Ryko gives quality and value. I've seen this sampler from 2/3 to 1/2 as much as the regular CD price. The songs by Jimi Hendrix, the Residents, Touchstone, Big Guitars from Texas and Mission of Burma are some of the excellent reasons to check out the tunes.
(Rykodisc / Pikering Wharf, Building C-3G / Salem, MA 01970)--- Thomas

VEVASCURGE-"Wiggly Snake"

This has the "wonderful" disco quality of Depeche-Mode and new age music. Yuch! At times they manage to crank it up to the level of Oingo Boingo's wimpier material. The songs just seem to drag on forever (16 of them with many over five minutes) and the lyrics make me want to gag most of the time. Sometimes it is worse when you try to write something serious and fail miserably. If this is modern pop, I want nothing to do with it.
(Esync Ocular Interchange / P.O. Box 380621 / Miami, FL 33238)--- Thomas ■



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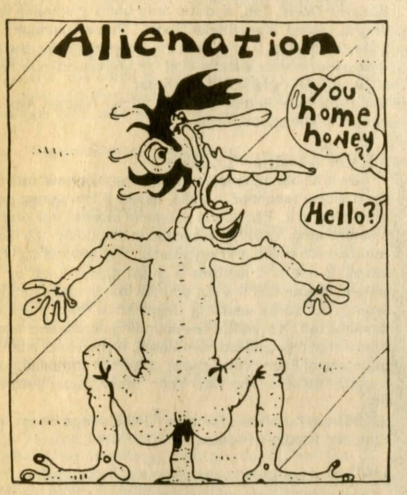

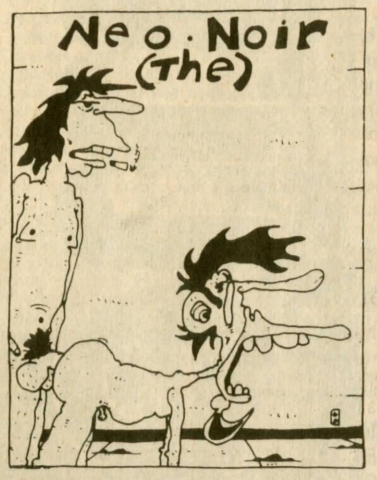

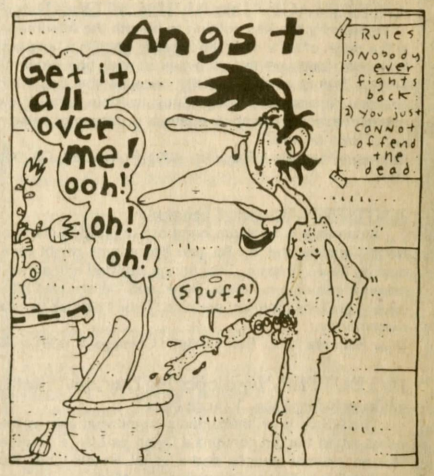

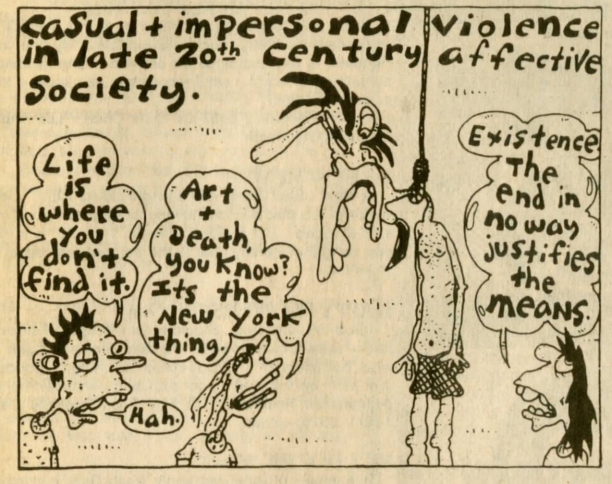

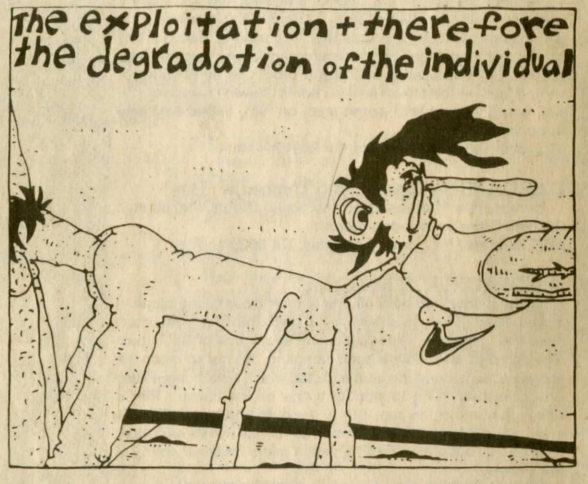

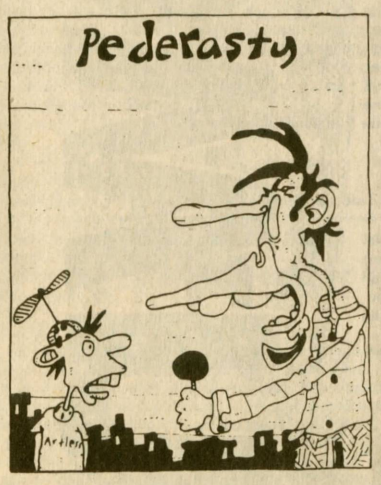

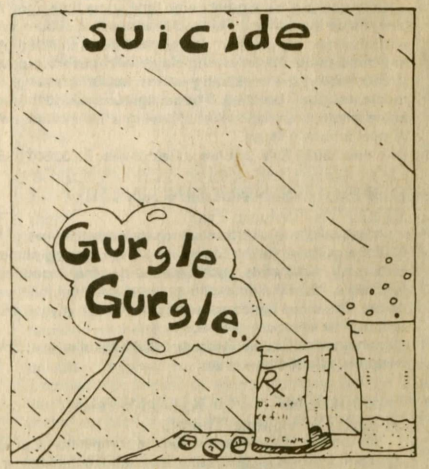

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7 INCH

33rpm & 45rpm

AFTERIMAGE-"Take My Hands/I Can't Forget"

Apparently this has nothing to do with the Afterimage who, at the dawn of 80's, released a pretty good e.p. and single. I hope not, because this is overproduced pop-pablum at its worst. This is notable chiefly because the band includes Thames Sinclair, ex-Flyboys/Choir Invisible, who, if ever involved in a record this shitty again, is in danger of being ridden out of town on a rail.
(Strategic Records / P.O. Box 4001 Hollywood, CA 90078)---Mark

ANTISEEN-"Blood of Freaks"

Antiseen is a hardcore band out of London-New London, North Carolina, this is. So, you figure there might be a lot of hostility here. There is. Their songs are filled with anger, which makes me like them. "Hippy Punk" and "I Wish I Had Killed You When I Had the Chance" are nice P. rock diddies to hate your neighbor by.
(Ajax Records / P.O. Box 146882 / Chicago, IL 60614)---Flint

BIG BUTTER-"Fogalopes Big Day" b/w "Feel Like a Thumb-Big Day- You're Free"

The A-Side is an instrumental somewhat akin to the Residents, whilst the flip contains a Dylan parody, a humorous attack on "normal" people, and a Barret-ish folk tune. Not bad, but nothing to flip your bonnet over.---Mark

CHEMICAL PEOPLE-"Fan Club Single"

Actually an e.p., this is a good, if uneven, record. I didn't particularly care for the first side, a Glenn Danzig cover and a boring hard rock/funk instrumental. The second side is pretty hot tho, with two tunes highly reminiscent of our beloved Descendents (not surprising, as this was produced by Bill Stevenson). If you like the album (which I admit I haven't heard) or collect record sleeves with porno stars on 'em, this is definitely worth tracking down.
(P.O. Box 6964 / Beverly Hills, CA 90212)---Mark

DAS DAMEN-"Reverse Into Tomorrow / Bug"

Here's a fine mixture of pop and power chords, that sounds like New Order on anti-depressants.
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 Lawndale, CA 90260)---Flint

DINOSAUR JR.-"Freak Scene"

These (I think) are both off one of their albums and come in a plain white sleeve, so unless you're really into them, you don't need this. However, Dinosaur Jr. are easily one of SST's best new signings, and this is a good sampling. It's not so much the songs as the fucking incredible guitar, which resembles a train unsuccessfully trying to stop for a cow on the tracks. The A-side is the best of the two, with a good riff and lyrics. The B's a bit mellow (especially in the vocal dept., which ain't their strong suit), but ends with a righteous guitar freakout worthy of the Velvets.
(SST Records / P.O. Box 1 / Lawndale, CA 90260)---Mark

DOLDRUMS-4-song EP from No Idea Magazine

Doldrums put out a great demo tape some time ago. At that time, I said they sound like Bad Brains with E.Bloom singing, and I maintain my position. I think we'd all be stunned by what this band could do on a long-player with decent production. Unfortunately, the mastering or the actual pressing of this record was badly botched. The background sound through the entire single is similar to that of having a 1/4-inch-round hunk of dust on one's stylus.
(No Idea / 3925 S.W. 3rd Ave. / Gainesville, FL 32607)---Brian

DOPE-GUNS'-N-FUCKING IN THE STREETS-"Volume Two"

A splendid two-record set which includes the likes of former Chrome guitarist Helios Creed, who's still making some great music for acidheads, potheads and other assorted hallucinators. God Bullies excite as usual for sheer loud psychonoise. The other bands passed right through my vacant head and out the other ear. Curious.
(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Brian

DOPE-GUNS'-N-FUCKING IN THE STREETS-"Volume Three"

Still another Amphetamine Reptile compilation e.p. By now the sound of this stuff is quite familiar...too familiar, in fact. Surgery, Cows, Tad, and the only band that really stands out on this record, King Snake Roost. These Australians still hold a very distinctive sound, with the slashing guitar, the bass and drums that mend perfectly, and the singer who must finish every show with an incredibly sore throat.
(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Brian

EVEN WORSE-"Leaving"

This is all old material from Jack Rabid's New York City band Even Worse recorded in 1983. When it first skirted past, I took a disliking to it. But after a couple of listens I got kind of into it. The first song "Leaving" recorded in the studio is a moody pop number with piano and keyboards. The second cut "One Night Stand" is live and features a guest appearance by Thurston Moore. About half the cut sounds like Moore's tuning or just testing out some warbling dissonance then it unexpectedly thrashes out. It's really a raw sounding record and less melodic than I'd have suspected from Rabid. If you're not a fan I'd check out some of Even Worse better cuts from compilations such as those on ROIR's "The New York Thrash Tape" before you get this.
($2.50 from Autonomy Records / 249 Eldridge Street, #14 / New York, NY 10002)---Thomas

FINAL FEAR-"Disillusion" b/w "Death"

This shit was dead ten years ago.
($1.50 ppd. from P.O. Box 7582 / La Verne, CA 91750)---

GOD'S ACRE-"My Real Cool Time"

I like a little 70's hard rock influence as much as the next guy (nowadays it's pretty much unavoidable); "My real cool time", however, is way too close for comfort. "She" reminds me of something of which I can't remember; all I know is that these guys do it worse.
(Amoeba Records / 5337 La Crsta Court / Los Angeles, CA 90038- 4001)---Mark

GREEN-"REM"

A band called Green with a single called "REM." Get it? The A-side of this disc is kind of wimpy, but it shows good musicianship & vocals. The B-side, "Love On Thin Air" is a nice gutsy pop song that's pretty near to the Smithereens better stuff.
(*)---Flint

HAPPY FLOWERS-"BB Gun"

God this is boring. Stupidity for the sake of stupidity, bad for the sake of bad, noise for the sake of noise. It gets old after, what, half a listen? Anybody could do this, and nobody should. Just plain boring, and a poor excuse for entertainment, at that.
(Homestead Records / P.O. Box 570 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571- 0570)---Brian

KILLDOZER-"Yow!"

This version of Janet Jackson's "Nasty Girls" is strictly a throwaway novelty song, using the tune's own grossities to cause its immolation. "Lupus" is classic Killdozer. Imagine if Deliverence

was filmed with inbred people riding around on tractors at a typical midwest suburban barbecue--total chaos would reign. Mostly the tune is just a noise dirge of Led Zep meets Big Black with the focus on the squealing of vocalist Michael Gerald. It's

pretty scary, but also pretty funny. Killdozer seem to have Flipper's anti-rock stance. Just like that group I expect their goal is to drive everyone out of the club.
(Touch and Go Records / P.O. Box 25520 / Chicago, IL 60625)--- Thomas

LETCH PATROL-"Love Is Blind" b/w "Axe to Grind"

"Love is Blind" sounds pretty good, kinda dull, sorta amusing. I guess because of the quasi-nostalgic seventies sound. But "Axe to Grind" just has to go. They need to remove the mike they stuck down the singers throat. Sounds like it really hurts.
(Seidboard World Ent. / P.O. Box 137, Prince Station / New York, NY 10012)---Bag

LONELY MOANS-"Rockinerd/Welcome Home"

They rock like shit. We could picture these guys playing in a vat of crude oil with only their heads sticking out. Who knows what their faces look like? Who cares? B-side is 'oi' music for long-hairs.
(Amphetamine Reptile/address elsewhere in mag.)---Thomas/Brian

LUNACHICKS-"Lunachicks"

This is great raunchy rock n' roll. Take glam like the New York Dolls, punk like the Ramones, Motor City hard rock like MC5, hardcore like the Misfits and the Necros, modern day noise outfits like L-7 and Bulimia Banquet, and finally a dose of the Cramps horror rock and there you have it. The lyrics will give you a chuckle or two as well. It's a fun record--you get to turn it three times, well probably more in your case. It's chunky, kind of punky, get it while you can.
(Blast First / 262 Mott Street, room 324 / New York, NY 10012)--- Thomas

MADBALL-"Ball of Destruction"

I like the name of this raw energy hardcore band. They feature members of Agnostic Front switching instruments and Roger's 12-year-old brother, Freddie, on vocals. The band really moves fast here, and Freddie can belt out the songs as well or better than people twice his age. Aggressive, short, fast, straight ahead and loud hardcore music without today's all too prevalent metal tendencies.
(Relativity / 187-07 Henderson Ave. / Hollis, NY 11423)--- Thomas

MODERN VENDING-"Kendle"/"Sandy Duncan..."

What can you say about a band that has the exquisite taste to give written thanks to Zamfir, Master of the Pan Flute? But beware, Zamfir fans, Modern Vending do not sound like your beloved hero. Strained and pained vocals, and a wheezing guitar are wrapped around central bass sound to form a repetitive wall of noise reminding us of a mix of Mission of Burma, Big Black and the Dead Milkmen. At times it's not too pretty, but on the whole a swell release. (Ajax Records / PO Box 146882 / Chicago, IL 60614)---Thomas con Brian

MUDHONEY-"You Got It (Keep It Outta My Face)" b/w "Burn It Clean"

This isn't so bad. A bit grungier and without the sappy lyrical content of Swallow, these guys have doled out 7 inches of roadkill rock and roll. They're kind of cool, too, because they often cover themselves in mud and roam the streets of Seattle, scaring away animals and small children.
(Sub Pop / 1932-1st Ave., suite 1103 / Seattle, WA 98101)--- Brian

NIRVANA-"Love Buzz" b/w "Big Cheese"

As the name suggests, there is an East Indian sound. Scales have that middle Eastern influence, which add to an exotic dance beat. Very heavy and melodic.
(Sub Pop / P.O. Box 20645 / Seattle, WA 98102)---Ant

NEW JERSEY AND YOU-"Perfect Together"

Six New Jersey bands-six songs. This e.p. confirms what you've always suspected about New Jersey. I almost completely wrote this e.p. off; the first five songs were such primitive attempts at hardcore. Even ten years ago, when this kind of stuff was "it," this stuff would still have been considered crap. The last band, Mechanical Bride, was a little better, sounding kind of like the Violent Femmes.
(47 Myrtle Ave. / Midland Pk., N.J. 07432)---Flint

NO FRAUD-"The E.P."

I'm sick of the old stand-by words, such as "thrash", "hardcore", etc. But, these guys play consistent thrash, and are pretty HC, to boot. They could work on some diversity, though; each song seems to sound like the last. Overall good effort.
(475 Fox Glove Road / Venice, FL 33595)---Bag

PENDU FEMELLE-"Encounter With Duchamo"

"Duchamp" is interesting with actual sampled portions of a Duchamp interview, but isn't the type of thing one would want to spend valuable listening time on. The flip is a mildly amusing wrestling song over a Sabbathy riff. Mainly for Duchamp completists.
(1517 E. Washington Blvd. / Pasadena, CA 91104)---Mark

PENNYWISE-"A Word From The Wise"

Pennywise play good, poppy, Southern Cal punk in the Descendents/All vein. They have neither the lyrical charge or the obnoxiousness of those bands. However the record is quite pleasant and all around a good debut.
(Theologian Records / 1142 Manhattan Ave., P.O. Box 153 / Manhattan Beach, CA 90266)---Thomas

PLEASURE HEADS-"Song for God/Clove Cigarettes"

This "Song for God," here...it's pretty good. Just the sort of pop ditty you'd like to hear on the radio. Well done, although I haven't quite got anyone in mind to compare these folks to. "Clove Cigarettes" is okay, but I'm a bit annoyed by the lyrics, which pay sarcastic homage to "cool" folks at shows. Seems to me these people shouldn't even be worth the mention ...especially for a hep band like Pleasure Heads. Nice A-side, though. Good to hear something coming out of the Pittsburg area other than "punk" rock.
(Get Hip Records / P.O. Box 666 / Canonsburg, PA 15317)--- Brian

POOCH-"Surfin' Kill City"

Pooch, a long time Flipside staff member, after being in the band Blow Up has put his talents to work on his own power pop single. There are two originals and one cover here. What can I say? They rock? That bananna sleeve shows some strong Velvet Underground influence. I'd like to go to the beach and see Pooch on his 9'6". Great stuff for parties or hot So. Cal. days driving down the freeway. A little too easy listening and mellow for everyday, but it's well done and if you like the genre, then you should snatch it up. Besides this is probably already a collector's item.
(Polar Records / P.O. Box 363 / Whittier, CA 90608)---Thomas

POPDEFECT-"Mouths Off"

There are four instrumental pop tunes here. Most of the material runs toward a surf sound without quite getting totally wet. All the numbers are strong and very well done. Go for it.
(Heart Murmur Records / P.O. Box 42602 / Los Angeles, CA 90042)---Thomas

POGO THE CLOWN-"Lederhosen / Sesame Street"

A hideous tribute to John Wayne Gacy, wonderfully performed by Hazelmyer and friends...really a bunch of gifted, tender lads. Suggested next release: A cover of Magazine's "Song from Under the Floorboards".
(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2336 Lyndale Ave. So. #4 / Minneapolis, MN 55408)---Brian

PORN ORCHARD-"Chain Delivery" b/w "Desperate Formula", "Barbie"

Hey, guys...figure it out: Come up with your own shit, or get the fuck on out! You bite!
(See address below.)---Bag

PORN ORCHARD-"Chain Delivery" b/w "Desperate Formula", "Barbie"

Extremely tight, a bit on the heavy metal side. Nonetheless, vocals are gut-wrenching and punkish. Their sound isn't very original, but it has some very powerful energy in it.
(Spearhead / P.O. Box 189 / Athens, GA 30603)---Ant

PRISONSHAKE-"Deanna b/w Shook Like Roses"

This band is on the "Hotel Cleveland" compilation hailed previously in the pages of this issue. They're probably the best of that crop. Their great Husker Du-cum-Saints sound is enough to recommend this single. But where the Saints were an extremely tight band, making all changes in perfect synchronization, Prisonshake tend to be a slight bit looser. "Deanna" is an excellent song. "Shook Like Roses" meanders a bit, falling short of their other tracks. As Jack Rabid says, support 7-inch records. Especially good ones like this.
(Scat Records / P.O. Box 141161 / Cleveland, OH 44114)---Brian y Thomas

RATCAT-"I Think I Love You"

For some reason this reminds me of a '77 also-ran like Lockjaw--not stylewise, but impact-wise. This sounds like mediocre sub-Buzzcocks poppunk. If someone stole this from me, I'd never know it.
(Waterfront Records / P.O. Box A537 / Sydney South 2000 / Australia)---Mark

REASON TO BELIEVE-"The Next Door"

The influences are clear--Minor Threat/Embrace type vocals and hardcore sound. But they're not just a clone band. The tracks here show plenty of originality and drive. The music buzzes along then slows to build power. Every once and a while the guitar will get a urge to do 78rpm whines, a weird effect. The songs touch on subjects such as girlfriend abuse on "True Love Always" and even '80's love songs, which are probably better described as relationship woe tunes. I also like "New Foundation." It's probably my pick of the e.p. An excellent start. I love hardcore when it strives a little, and this does. You can even see it in the arty cover. [Cool yellow vinyl (with ants pressed into it) as well.]
(Nemesis Records / 1672 Oakhorne Dr. / Harbor City, CA 90710)--- Thomas

SLOPPY SECONDS-"The First Seven Inches"

Totally without redeeming social value and a totally entertaining record. Years of living in Indiana have resulted in this, a virtual manifesto containing such tunes as "So fucked up" and "Lynchtown, USA". I wish the boys luck.
(Alternative Testicle Records / 1632 E. National Av. / Indianapolis, IND 46227)---Mark

SOUL SIDE-"Bass * 103"

This is another well done package from Dischord records. The lyric sheet and back cover of this single are bold graphic statements. The music tries to follow along these lines as well. It's kind of heavy like Fugazi at times, and can be quite powerful.
($3 ppd. from Dischord Records / 3819 Beecher St., NW / Washington, DC 20007-1802)---Thomas

SURGERY-"Blow Her Face" b/w "Not Going Down"

Amphetamine Reptile Records already has a distinctive sound similar to Sub Pop bands, but a little less moody and more on the raw side of the metallic spectrum. Surgery are no exception playing that brand of lovable acid rock n' roll.
(Amphetamine Reptile Records / 2541 Nicollet Ave. S. / Minneapolis, MN 55404)---Thomas

JOHNNY TEEN and the BROOKEN HEARTS-"Bubble Gum Witch"

What would you do with a single that sounds like The Archies merged with The Ramones and got Temple Tudor to sing? Write to Ink Disease with your answer. The best response (if any) wins this single.
(Chris Dunn/Waterfront/Damp / P.O. Box A537 / Sydney South 2000 / AUSTRALIA)---Flint

THE THORNS-"Another Girl b/w Velveteen Center & Mixed-Up World"

The record is an utterly amazing atttempt to bore the fuck out of me pulled off without a hitch. EXCELSIOR!---Mark
(Bikini Records / 3301 E. 2nd St., Box 8 / Long Beach, CA 90803)---Mark

THE THROWN UPS-"Eat My Dump"

Rawer than sushi. Hey Thrown Ups! Go home! Your MOTHERS are calling you!
(Amphetamine Reptile/2541 Nicollet Ave. S./Mpls., MN 55404) --- Bri 'n' Thom

URGE OVERKILL-"Lineman"

Real noisy stuff on this seven incher. The guitars be a crackling and the drums be a clacking along in a non stop barrage of thunder and lightning. Sonic Youth immediately comes to mind. The vocals are plain. Once again one of those bands that when you strip off the layers of noise you have a basic mangled pop approach.
(Touch & Go / P.O. Box 1544 / Evanston, ILL 60204)---Thomas

VERBAL ASSAULT-"Tiny Giants"

"More Than Music" is a fast, clean and powerful punk cut with a simple, but right-on theme. "Tiny Giants" is a slow and uneventful number. It's worth it for the one cut.
(Giant Records / P.O. Box 800 / Rockville Centre, NY 11571-0800)---Thomas

THE VICTIMS FAMILY-"Son of Church Card's" b/w "Quivering Lip!"

"Son of Church Card" is a pretty funky instrumental; mean sax! Good jam. "Quivering Lip" is right to the point, and quite insightful. These guys are great.
(Mordam Records / P.O. Box 988 / San Francisco, CA 94101)--- Bag

WHEN PEOPLE WERE SHORTER AND LIVED NEAR THE WATER-"Uncle Ben Seven Inch"

This four song e.p. typifies the sound of Shimmy Disc: melodic, chaotic, psychotic and super-sonic. The Folkways of the Nineties, Shimmy Disc, with Mark Kramer (Bongwater, B.A.L.L., Shockabilly) at the helm, periodically releases records that feature members of the Shimmy community. This latest release has members of Bongwater and who knows what other bands. It ranges from hardcore to Hendrix style rock, to Mexican ballads. "Timothy," the last cut on the e.p., is a melodic piece cramped with hordes of vocals sounding like the cast of the Muppet Show backing them up. This label needs to be supported, so pour in your big bucks.
(188 Berkeley Pl., #2 / Brooklyn, NY 11217)---Ant

CASSETTES

TAPES

AT WITS END-"At Wits End"

Excellent production and well done music by this D.C. area band. There's something in the hardcore/postcore sound that is a little off kilter. I'm not sure what. "Which Way" and "Time from Time Together" are both good songs but the music and writing doesn't really jump out and grab you. Still they manage to avoid many of the typical pitfalls of the day, such as copy cat material, or metal and they show a lot of potential. I imagine that live they'd be tons fun. For $2.50 you can certainly afford to support them.
($2.50 ppd. to John England / 9501 Singleton Dr. / Bethesda, MD 20817)---Thomas

BHANG REVIVAL-Demo Tape

Dames that sound like "Born Innocent" Red Cross. They've already toured through here and we were too lazy to go out and see them. What's that say for us?
(Lori/3620 N. Hermitage/Chicago, IL 60613)---Brian/Thomas

BRITISH AIRWAVES-"Compilation"

Unleashed on the American public for some dubious reason, this tape features 1 song each by some 18 artistes, quality ranging from very good (New Model Army, The Gymslips) to outright trash (Punks of '76 Medley---Thomas actually owns this record, which sounds like studio musicians doing a medley of early Damned, Jam, Clash, Eater, etc....CORNY). To my knowledge, all of this has been previously released.
(9145 Sunset Blvd., Suite 218 / L.A., CA 90069)---Brian

BUSH TETRAS-"Better Late Than Never"

I'd heard of this band years and years ago when I was a mere lad. "Videowest Backstage Pass" and other excellent programs on the USA cable network (which has since turned to complete shit) used to cover the "post-punk" scene pretty darned well. Now that that's just a fading memory, I'm forced to depend on other sources for my useless information. Like ROIR cassettes. They put the same gusto into their tapes that people used to put into their records, and they've put out some good scheiss over the years. And this tape isn't a bad one, either. It's a collection of some records and unreleased material that gives one a pretty good idea of what these Bush Tetras were: A couple of dames and a couple of joes who were heavily into that "post-punk" funky groove thang. On the early tracks, the singer (one of the dames) uses the deadpan approach, and the music reminds one of the Mo-Dettes, without so much "cuteness." Later songs find the band leaning more in the direction of the Banshees. I tend to like the older stuff a bit more. Either way, it's not a bad deal.
(ROIR / 611 Broadway, Suite 411 / New York, NY 10012)---Brian

THE FALL-"Seminal Live"

The last Fall album on Beggars Banquet and, one wonders, possibly the last with Brix. Rumor now has it that she quit and split up with Mark in order to concentrate on her "other" band, Adult Net. But who cares? As long as Mark, Steven Hanley and Craig Scanlon are in the band, it will always be The Fall. This one's half studio, half live. Outstanding studio tracks include "Pinball Machine," a reworking of some old western(?) song, complete with MES playing violin and Hanley on banjo(?!), and "H.O.W.", a subdued, repetitive song with incredible MES lyrics: "I like to delve in destruction, lust, and debaucher...from 16 to 40, over and under..." And there's the unlistenable "Mollusc in Tyrol," the most blatantly noisey Fall song since "Papal Visit." Just the sort of thing that's made The Fall the great band what they are. Live side features a great new version of "Pay Your Rates," with a hilarious added three-note keyboard part on the slow sections of the song, and a rendition of "Cruiser's Creek" that sounds like it was recorded on a sub-walkman. Also, there's yet another gut-busting MES spiel about an elf.
(BMG/RCA/Beggars Banquet)---Brian

HICKOIDS-"Waltz A Crossdress Texas"

Booze, bar-b-q's, vomit, bad breath, dung piles, fag- bashing, farting contests, trailer parks are just a few of the many poignant issues that these masters of corn mashing touch upon in their lastest opus. The music is just as sloppy, grating and inviting on the digestive tract as a bowl of five- alarm chili is at a stomach ulcer convention. If you're the kind of person that checks the toilet bowl for peanuts after every dump then the Hickoids should have a very prominent place in your life.
(Toxic Shock / P.O. Box 43787 / Tucson, AZ 85733)--Steve

HULLABALOO-"Beat until Stiff"

In an age where there's a virtual cess-pool of grunge and slosh metal/noise bands, it takes real talent for a group to rise to the surface. Hullabaloo are masters of throb rock in the grand ole tradition that has given the Western world the likes of Kildozer and Happy Flowers. Pushed to the outer edge of primal extreme extremism by members; Spanker Phelge, Ronny Sores, Harry "squirty" Sores, Horseglue Minibike and solo accompaniment added by the one and only Mr. Horribly-Charred Infant, these boys never let you forget that there are still sensitive artists out there that deserve our attention. With tunes like "This is my Rifle," and "The Lickyerbutt song," they can't help but touch the very soul. Look for this record in the New Age section at your local drive-thru.
(Toxic Shock / P.O. Box 43787 / Tucson, AZ 85733)---Steve

HUNGER ARTIST-"Welcome To Me"

These guys play that old type of hardcore where everything is done at break neck speed and the distorted guitar just shifts speeds slightly to add more feeling. Unfortunately the singer does not have a particularly magnetic voice, the production is bad, the band uses only two gears (spending little time to build power), and there's no real breakthrough originality in the music. The writing concentrates on the punk scene, and personal relationships, which seems like a narrow perspective these days. Not that they are bad just that in 1989 jaded old farts like me want more than slightly above average hardcore.
(Write C/O Mike Honch / P.O. Box 28023 River Station / Rochester, NY 14627-8023)---Thomas

STARVATION ARMY-"Ticket to Oblivion"

It's amazing how many bands have the ability to play good songs with absolutely no feeling. Happily, Starvation Army is NOT among these bands. These guys put guts into their music. This band plays tough, robust rock and roll. Fraser Sims does everything he can to ensure that the words don't come across like some monotonic hymnal chant. Maybe he actually believes in what he's singing...I don't know. It works, though. The fact that these guys have been playing for years and years without much recognition outside of Ohio should be an inspiration to other bands. You practice, you play, you get better, you keep doing it for a while and you get good. You don't put out an album after a few months and expect it to be passable. Sorry to digress, but I see so many scheiss records pass through here, and people like these guys make them look so bad it's not even funny. More power to Starvation Army. As if they need it.
(Box 15007 / CLE., OH 44115)---Brian

STIFF LITTLE FINGERS-"See You Up There!"

Let's say you weren't mentally weened on this band. Let's say you didn't ever envision them as the perfect embodiment of a rock and roll band. You never got chills up and down your spine the first 50 times you heard Jake Burns scream, "Inflammable material planted in my head!" Your hair didn't stand erect when Henry Cluney sang, "The man who pulls the trigger's not to blame." Yeah, you never heard the spiel about "a guy being in the wrong place at the wrong time" so many times that you could recite it letter-perfect at the drop of a hat. If all this is true, there may still be hope for you. If it's not, then you already know what I'm talking about and you needn't be reading this. Do not confuse this tape with the Link Records bootleg, which is scheiss. Bootleg records are bootleg records and most of them bite. This is the new official live release and it sounds like it. Recorded St. Patrick's Day, 1988, in London.
(Virgin/Caroline)---Brian

SUCKDOG-"booby-booby" and "I like bulls...I AM a bull"

Very similar to the album (see review elsewhere), but without the great jacket. An amazing woman with amazing friends. Lisa knows no shame.
(P.O. Box 1491 / Dover, NH 03820)---Brian

TOKEN ENTRY-"Jaybird"

Just say no.
(Road Racer / 225 Lafayette Street, Suite 709 / New York, NY 10012)---Brian

WIRE-"IBTBA"

As "artists," these guys are beginning to bother me. They take themselves a bit too seriously. I'm just now becoming candid enough with myself to admit things that I've secretly denied myself in the past. For instance: When I saw these guys play at the Scream (in the Park Plaza echo-plex) they bit. Their stage show was boring and Graham Lewis, in particular, comes off as being a real bastard. And I'm sick of these geezers being heralded as saintly geniuses by the music press, and every band that thinks they're hot-scheiss covers a Wire song. Well, the ultimate joke now is that Wire are putting out "re- interpretations" of songs they've already released. Gee...how about 2 or 3 more versions of these same songs, guys? Asking for new material is a bit much, I suppose. Better make sure you get it right, you know. This isn't to say I dislike this tape...in fact it sounds quite good. Only problem is I'm not too religious these days.
(Enigma / 11264 Playa Court / Culver City, CA 90231-3628)---Brian ■

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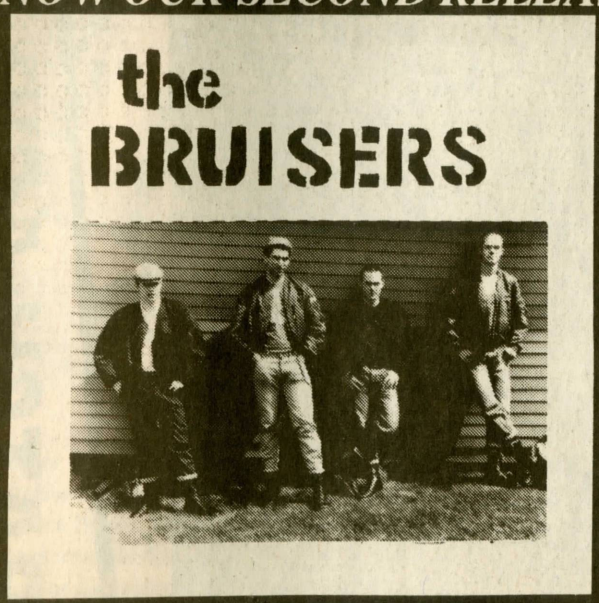

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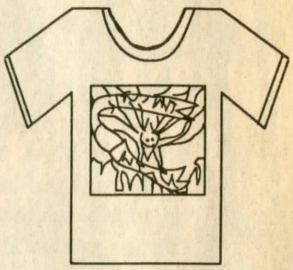

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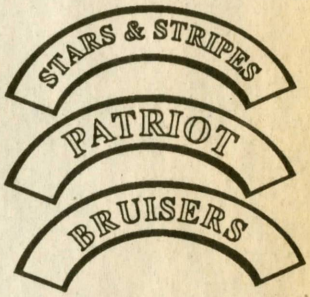

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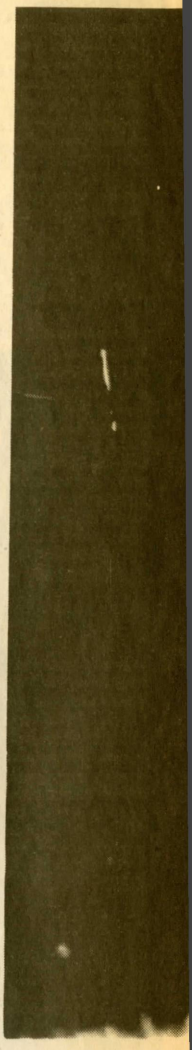
scratch

Scratch Acid photographs by Brian Trudell

Grinding down big, by Texas way, Scratch Acid were coming to town. Their arrivial was preceeded by a telegram from Touch & Go Records that officially set the wheels in motion for the long awaited interview. Our gears were turning in preperation for the verbal intercourse that was to come. This meeting called for more than your basic "smoking or nonsmoking" at the neighborhood Norms. Not since interviewing the Italian ensamble of Jesus Christ Superstar, had we bothered to shave the back of our necks. The crew was ready. The union took place at the once vital Whisky-A-Go-Go, on the Sunset



SCRATCH ACID

acid

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Strip, only three blocks North of the alley where Sal Mineo got stabbed ninety-six times. Brandishing the guns for ID were Brian, Thomas and Steve. Filling the void and pages were Scratch Acid in their entirety. As the tape machine answered the call to action, the interview was underway.

ID: What chemical has been the biggest influence on the band?

David Yow (growler): I never finished high school.

ID: How have you guys been celebrating "L.A. Beautiful Month?"

David: I can take my eye ball out, you know. Besides, we're late, no interview tonight.

ID: But... □

Faith No More *at the Roxy Theatre, June 19, 1989*

A Monday night in Hollywood. Okay, I had to pay for parking. Well, I guess I'd rather pay $5.00 now than for a parking ticket later. So, the Roxy is filled with the record label guys--A & R men. More suits and ties than I've seen at the Roxy in a long time. Plus a few rock stars stumbled over from the Rainbow. What are they all here for? **Faith No More**, *the latest West Coast band to catch the attention of a lot of the underground. Though never really breaking out of the College radio playlists, the group is now onto major commercial success with their second album "Introduce Yourself," and the single "We Care Alot." Hopefully they'll get the attention they deserve with their third album, "The Real Thing" featuring new vocalist Michael Patton, who has a lot of energy live and sings in many different styles. Sticking mostly to his high-nasal voice, he sometimes sings lower, and he sometimes growls like a thrash singer. He brings a whole new air of seriousness to the band, and it shows in their live performance. Relying mostly on songs from the new album, the guys banged and slammed through their set with songs which dsiplay their wide variety of musical styles. Some songs with clean guitar, slow beats, lots of keyboards, and others, that are all out thrash songs which nearly caused a riot in front of the stage. The high points were "Epic," "Suprise You're Dead," and "The Real Thing," from new album, and "Chinese Arithmetic" and "Crab Song" from "Introduce Yourself." And of course their favorite encore "War Pigs" from* **Sabbath** *when Slash and Duff from* **Guns and Roses** *were able to stay standing up long enough to jam on stage with Big Jim and the bands. It was a great show--***Faith No More** *aren't afraid to play real music hard and heavy, and cannot possibly be categorized. Which is what the real world likes to do. Lets see, they're not thrash, they're not punk, they're not disco, what are they?--Who knows? Who cares? And I can't let this review end without mentioning* **Gherkin Raucous** *the opening act. I had never seen them, but I was amazed. They're awesome. Great songs and one of the most active bands on stage I've ever seen. They're crazy! They were all over the Roxy, on tables and chairs, climbing on anything in sight. All the while they're playing good music. Somewhere between funk, dance and metal, etc... Okay, so some of this has been done before, and I'm sure they'll draw comparisons to the* **Red Hot Chili Peppers**, *but So what. I liked them anyway.*

---Bob Rangel

Shonen Knife at the 2nd Coming. **Photo by Al Flipside**

HENRY MANCINI *at the Hollywood Bowl, 29 July 89*

This guy is a living legend. Everyone has heard his music. Everyone likes at least some of it. On this night he put on a gig with the L.A. Philharmonic. The potential of greatness for the pairing of these incredible entities is incomprehensible. They lived up to these expectations only at certain moments during the show. Hank's mistake was that he thought we wanted to hear him do covers of moldy pop songs. "Thriller" by that cosmetic guinea pig Michael Jackson...a song by "The Pink Floyd"..."Imagine" by John Lennon. These were indeed the low points of this otherwise exciting evening. We didn't want to hear these

FAITH NO MORE

LIVE

songs. We wanted Hank's music. Hank is the great one. Those other clods cower in his mere presence. But we got our classics. They did "Baby Elephant Walk," "Peter Gunn" (with great solos by Hank's touring musicians), "Pink Panther," and even the "Viewer Mail Theme" from Dave Letterman's show. This is the stuff of which greatness is made. Nothing from Mancini's greatest work, "Touch of Evil," was played, but he's got a great way of putting the crowd at ease, a good-humored guy with decades of performing under his belt. What a treat just to have the opportunity to see him, especially for only 8 bucks.---Brian

SHONEN KNIFE, IMPERIAL BUTT WIZARDS, TWO VIRGINS *at the 2nd Coming*

After spending all day sweating and adding to our peeled skin collection in the classic post card setting of South Central L.A., a vastly thinned Ink Disease crew hobbled towards downtown L.A. to see the bone crunching **Shonen Knife**. *Arriving first, a disillusioned Brian was not long for this part of the world. After waiting in line, what seemed to him at the time like hours, he hunkered past the sleazy street urchins to his '66 Volvo and home to a well deserved rest. Arriving somewhat later was your unsuspecting reporter. The line didn't look long, but conversation was ripe with conjecture about having to go to Japan to catch the* **Knife** *live. However, what in this mostly residential area looked like a dinky building from out front was plenty spacious inside. I guess the line was part of the hip trip, for there seemed little reason for it. Although spacious, the several rooms (decorated in a weird modern Aztec art, with a pool table, a bar, and a men's room complete with attendant the atmosphere was suitably bizzare) of the club were fairly packed but not yet full. Anticipation was mounting. All types of old scenesters crawled out of the wood-work for this one. A Craig Lee, Lyle Hansen and a Helen Jewel even dared to grace the place.*

Somehow I missed most of the opening acts while getting the lowdown on Gary Indiana's Motorcycle accident. After hearing this blood curdling tale we made our way to the front of the stage to see and honor **Shonen Knife**. *Atsuko, Keiko, and Naoko bounced up into place on the band stand. Their coordinated red satin performance dresses with black trim frills helped make them seem the part of innocent little girls. The crowd roared with approval. It was like a combination of Beatle mania and a USO show. The audience was starved for some good natured fun. Somehow* **Shonen Knife** *transcended both the sexual and the cute to perform on such a good natured level of fun for all that the all had fun. Every picture perfect wave of the hand was greeted by oh's and ah's as if the long time punk rock veterans were all turned into manic 13 year old English (or American for that matter) school girls mesmerized at getting a chance to see the biggest pop idols to hit the stage in thirty years. I'm surprised no one fainted. The band played their hearts out, giving a brief explaination before powering into a version of "I Want to Eat Chocolate Bars," or "Bear Up Bison," or "The Public Bath Song," or "Twist Barbie." It was like a thunder storm of pop hits. It was like going to Disneyland and enjoying it. It was like the happiest place on earth. Of course the spell was broken when too many people decided to jam on the last couple numbers. The atmosphere of innocence and total lack of pretentiousness was broken into a million tiny fragments as if*

Shonen Knife at the 2nd Coming. Photo by Al Flipside

The Angry Samonans Photo by Gus

Henry Rollins was punching that mirror on the cover of Damaged. *I'm still not sure what it was that made them so memerable, but when I clicked my heels three times I was back on the L.A. streets and they were back in Japan. I was rudley returned to a violent reality. A memorable, but slightly un-real event.---Thomas*

The Angry Samoans and the Creamers *at the Coconut Teaszer*

The **Angry Samoans** *and* **Creamers** *played a great show at the Coconut Teaszer about a month ago. The* **Samoans** *with the only original members being Gregg and Mike really rocked out, having more fun than I've seen in a long time, albiet a bit more sloppily. Bob Durkee was banging his head as they raced through a long list of their hits like "Right Side of My Mind" and "Get off the Air." They went cover crazy doing such classic songs as "Lost and Found" by the* **Saints**, *"Mommy's Little Monster" by* **Social Distortion** *and the Canadian national anthem "Slave to My Dick" by* **the Subhumnas**. *Except for a few assholes slamming a little too hard it was a fantastic set.*

Next up were the **Creamers** *who power punked their way through a fist full of hits. Their* **Ramones** *like attack is great, but lacks variety. Still the band has a really good stage presence and attitude that made me stick through their set even though it was getting really late.---Thomas*

The Creamers **Photo by Gus**

The Loafing Hyenas, Wheather Bell and The Rails *at Raji's*

I made it in time to see a couple of numbers from the **Rails** *set. The band had good vocal harmonies and the new bassist formerly of the lovedolls fits in well. Their tunes were pretty good and the crowd sure seemed to enjoy them.*

Next up were **Wheather Bell**. *They feature very strong vocals from ex-***Bangle** *and former* **Blood On the Saddle** *vocalist Annette. The music is catchy, sometimes falling into the cow-punk arena, and most of it has a really good edge and some nice hooks. They're a tight band that have memorable song structures and showcase a good variety styles especially in the guitar work.* **Wheather Bell** *have been playing all over L.A. so you can easily check them out. Sorry I missed the Loafing Hyenas--'cause they have a cool name.---Thomas*

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